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The Week

THE struggle in Spain dragged on without any marked success for either side; most of the "news" consisted of thinly veiled propaganda. An American destroyer was attacked by an unidentified bomber belonging to one side or the other; it fired on its assailant, but no damage was done. Washington lodged warnings with both government and rebels, and considered withdrawing all warships to avoid incidents. The nations that have agreed to neutrality appointed a committee of eleven to report on the observance of the agreement. . . . It was in other parts of the European orchestra that the theme of alarm was taken up. Rumania, which has been in the Franco-Russian circle of influence, appeared to shift to the German, thus completing another step in Hitler's announced program of re-creating a middle Europe under his dominance. Titulesco, foreign minister and firm friend of France, was ousted while ill and absent, and Rumanian fascists control the Cabinet. . . . Mussolini, reviewing his troops during the fall maneuvers, boasted that with a single order 8,000,000 men—the entire adult male population—could be mobilized for war. While protesting his desire for peace, he derided permanent peace as an ideal, stated that the disarmament conference had been a disastrous failure and the armament race could not be stopped. . . . At the same time Goebbels, Nazi propaganda minister, who was in Italy, approved of the speech, emphasized German-Italian sympathy and stressed the intention of both nations to get what they wanted by their own force. . . . Conferences were held on combatting the "Communist menace."

BESIDE these grim events the scene in the United States appeared remarkably serene. Mr. Landon fired his first real shot at the administration with a speech on taxation and economy, discussed in another column of this issue. . . . Mr. Roosevelt and his party toured the drought regions, bringing rain, observing the situation and making friends, but avoiding open electioneering. "Politics" was shoved to the background, and this was excellent politics. . . . Governors of the drought states—including Mr. Landon—prepared to meet the President to discuss the situation and lay out a program. . . . Mr. Townsend won his first important victory by nominating sympathetic candidates for Congress in the California primaries. . . . The American Bar Association in its annual meeting showed itself once more to be the organization of the most narrow-minded profession in the country. . . . News of business recovery continued, with an unseasonal gain of employment and payrolls in July. . . . Ambassador Straus resigned from his post at Paris because of ill health, and was replaced by Ambassador Bullitt, who is reported to have been unhappy in Moscow. . . . The New York Times published a story that the President was considering calling a conference of the rulers of the principal nations, after the election, to make new plans for peace. The Department of State, which had never heard of the idea, was highly agitated, and foreign comment was polite and non-committal.

SECRETARY Ickes has attempted to fasten the odium of Hearst influence on Mr. Landon. His principal arguments were: that the Hearst papers supported the Governor both for the nomination and for the election, that Mr. Hearst had promised that he would urge Mr. Landon to make as few speeches on current issues as possible, and that Mr.

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Landon had apparently been following this advice. Unfortunately for the effectiveness of these arguments, Mr. Landon had just spoken against the teachers' oath, a pet Hearstian project, and soon afterward declared in favor of income taxes as opposed to sales taxes, a position directly contrary to the one long expounded by the Hearst press. The New York American, principal Hearst organ, called Mr. Landon's statement on academic freedom "a regrettable departure from the high plane of true Americanism to which he has constantly adhered." Support by Mr. Hearst is a heavy liability for any candidate, but after all he has to support someone —he has favored Mr. Roosevelt in the past. While it is a legitimate count against Mr. Landon that at the present juncture he has attracted and tolerated this support, we are glad to see that he is not paying for it by complete adherence to Mr. Hearst's ideas. We hope—though without much confidence—that he will show so much independence that Mr. Hearst will be forced into the position of a man without a candidate.

WITH the death of Secretary of War Dern, President Roosevelt is confronted with a heavy responsibility in appointing his successor. Recent events in many countries—foremost of which at present is the military rebellion in Spain—indicate how important it is that the army be kept in complete subordination to civil authority, and that it be imbued with democratic ideas. This is particularly true at a time when war seems nearer than for many years, and when, whether our country is involved or not, military preparedness is sure to become prominent. Nobody knows how much this nation may have been spared because, during the last War, President Wilson appointed and kept in office even a mild liberal like Secretary Newton D. Baker, instead of yielding to the fury of the fire-eating reactionaries. An army is just as dangerous for a nation as a rifle is for an individual. It can shoot in the wrong direction; it should be handled with care. On this account we hope President Roosevelt will hesitate long before he promotes Assistant Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring, if he is entertaining the intention to do so. Mr. Woodring is on record, in an article in Liberty for January 6, 1934, as favoring the complete militarization of the C.C.C. and the taking over of other civilian projects of the New Deal. He talks glibly about the competence of the army to fight "social revolution." We suppose that the Assistant Secretary did not distinguish between a social revolution and ordinary insurrection, but the mere fact that he was ignorant of any such distinction is significant of his leaning.

ONE of the strangest stories to come out of Washington in a long time was the front-page dispatch in The New York Times that President Roosevelt was tentatively playing with the idea of calling a conference of the heads of the principal governments, after the election, to do something to assure international peace. What made the plan particularly startling was the fact that the conference was not to be one of diplomats, foreign ministers, or even prime ministers, and was not to include staffs of advisers primed with statistics and arguments, but was simply to be a face-to-face meeting of King Edward VIII, President LeBrun of France, Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and Mr. Roosevelt. The idea seemed to be the simple, not to say naïve, one that if these worthies saw one another across a table they could settle their differences in an amicable spirit. Not since Ford's peace ship has a project for international accord appeared so humanly attractive and so utterly innocent of political and economic realities. So many objections crowd to the mind at once that it seems as if the report must have been somebody's invention. Neither King Edward nor President LeBrun, for instance, controls his country's policy, and it is fantastic to believe that Hitler would talk to Stalin or that any agreement could come from such a conversation. The Department of State promptly denied knowledge of any such plan. Nevertheless it is impossible to believe that the responsible correspondent of the super-accurate New York Times would have sent the dispatch unless the President had actually entertained the idea and wanted to have publicity given it. Obviously the story was a trial balloon; but only too clearly it was a toy balloon also.

THE current issue of Editor and Publisher, a magazine devoted to the interests of newspaper owners and publishers, offers some astonishing editorial advice. "This nondescript union," it declares, referring to the American Newspaper Guild, "has to be eliminated from the newspaper structure." There is, of course, a federal law that guarantees workers the right to organize in unions of their own choosing. And it seems to us that law-abiding citizens, even publishers and their spokesmen on Editor and Publisher, should have sufficient regard for the rights of citizens guaranteed by law not to advocate their violation. We mention this because Editor and Publisher has had a great deal to say about law and order in Seattle and the necessity of protecting the rights of citizens there. Or does Editor and Publisher believe that it is only the rights of publishers that merit respect?

JUST five days before he died Governor Floyd B. Olson of Minnesota expressed his personal support of Roosevelt and the hope that the President would be reëlected. This statement is being counted on by many observers to keep Minnesota in line for Roosevelt by giving him most of the Farmer-Labor votes, although the party has not yet made any official commitment. If the national election is close the vote in Minnesota may be an important factor. The state went Democratic in 1932 for the first time in its history, largely because of Governor Olson's effective campaigning. A recent poll taken by the Institute of Public Opinion shows that of

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the vote given to the major parties, the Landon sentiment now shows a slight edge, measuring 51 percent as opposed to Roosevelt's 49 percent. Lemke's share of the total vote cast in the Minnesota poll rose in a month from 7.5 to 12.8 percent, making Minnesota Lemke's second strongest state. This rise of 5.3 percent came 3.3 percent from Landon, less than one percent from Roosevelt and the rest from other parties. This was before Olson's death, and the future cannot be foretold. Elmer A. Benson, whom Governor Olson appointed to the United States Senate, is now running for Governor and Representative Ernest Lundeen has been selected as the Farmer-Labor candidate for Senator to replace Mr. Olson.

LIBERAL and labor circles in England have been greatly agitated about what they believe is the spineless action of the government and the apathetic attitude of the press and the public concerning the struggle of the Spanish people, under a democratic government, to preserve their liberty in opposition to a military rebellion. Professor Harold Laski of the London School of Economics addressed an eloquent letter to The Manchester Guardian pointing out the danger to all Europe and to future peace if the rebels should win, and contrasting the present English attitude with that shown in the past toward much less important contests for popular rights in other countries. Even The London Economist, which, as chief financial authority of the world's economic capital, certainly cannot be accused of Bolshevist sympathies, takes a strong line. It points out that the normal and lawful action would have been to sell to the Spanish government anything it wanted, while refusing to help the rebels in any way in their fight against constituted authority, particularly in view of the fact that this authority was a constitutional democratic republic. The failure by Britain and France to take this line, it asserts, was a real sacrifice in the interest of European peace. But, it adds, this sacrifice entitles these nations to make sure that the non-intervention is effective on all sides, a result that can be achieved only by policing with armed forces under international authority.

DURING a political campaign, vast quantities of oratory are poured forth and huge amounts of printer's ink are spilled, on the theory that people's minds are changed through these processes. We sometimes wonder what degree of truth there is in this notion, and whether most of the citizens do not make up their minds in advance of most of the argument, remaining impervious to it. We were reminded of this a few days ago when we heard of a political poll taken among the editorial workers on a very important newspaper in one of the country's leading cities. This paper is supporting Landon with all its might, and has opposed the Roosevelt administration from its beginning. Nevertheless, among its own reporters and editors, there were 47 votes for Roosevelt, 3 for Landon, 2 for Browder, and a few reported as "scattering"—meaning, presumably, Lemke and Thomas. The assumption is that these gentlemen and ladies must read the arguments for Landon which they themselves prepare; yet they are not convinced by them. Neither, be it noted, are they participating in that famous freedom of the press about which we hear so much nowadays—from the publishers.

OUT in Seattle, the strike of the American Newspaper Guild against the Hearst-owned Post-Intelligencer is still going strong, the paper is still suspended and Mr. Hearst continues to ignore all offers of mediation or arbitration. By far the most interesting phase of the fight is the manner in which the newspaper publishers, almost to a man, have rallied to Mr. Hearst's support and have accepted his stand that the issue in the strike is not the reinstatement of two experienced newspapermen but the defense of the freedom of the press. There is grim irony in having Mr. Hearst as the leader in such a fight. From the outset of the strike the Hearst papers have been filled with hysterical editorials and news stories flagrantly distorting the situation in Seattle. Not once has there been a fair or even adequate account of the Guild side. And despite the known fact that there has been no violence (apart from a few scuffles on the picket line the first day) and no destruction of property whatever, the Hearst papers have reported almost daily that Seattle is in the hands of a lawless mob. From the vantage point of Rome, Mr. Hearst cables that the issue is communism. Is this the freedom of the press that the publishers are now rallying to defend? Is the Fourth Estate so humorless and so careless of its own integrity as to be taken in by Mr. Hearst's smokescreen? Mr. Hearst has challenged the right of labor (not merely the Guild) to organize and strike. Is this now the position of the organized publishers in general?

ANOTHER unbeatable formula for avoiding war has been announced, this one by Colonel Arthur W. Little, the former commander of the Fifteenth "Hell Fighters." Colonel Little recommends that declaration of war shall be possible only after a national referendum on the question, in which each voter shall sign his ballot. Each vote for war is also a pledge of enlistment or, if the voter is unavailable for military service, a pledge of half of his or her fortune for war uses. As between this and the well known proposal to let the members of the various national parliaments that declare war fight it out with stone axes in a large clearing there is little to choose. If either proposal could be enforced it would undoubtedly stop war, just as giving everyone a job would stop unemployment. But the resistance to making such a proposal law, and enforcing it, comes from the same source as the danger of war. Any peace plan is a credit to the humanity of the man who offers it, but what we need now is not good intentions but clear thinking.

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Mr. Landon on Taxes

IT IS probable that Governor Landon's strongest support among the middle classes of the East is based upon confidence in his financial soundness. The fact that Kansas has had a balanced budget was what made him the leading candidate for the nomination. People who are worried by the large government deficit, who think public spending is going into wasteful or foolish channels, who dislike paying present taxes and fear higher ones in the future, make up a large part of his followers. It was to these people that his principal speech in his first trip to the East—that in Buffalo—was directed. The speech was simple and did not evade commitments. Let us see whether it entitled Mr. Landon to the favor it was intended to elicit.

Many of Mr. Landon's backers, including William Randolph Hearst, have argued for sales taxes as a way of reducing income and profits taxes, and have contended that taxing the rich discourages business. To the great credit of the Republican candidate, he did not follow this lead. His very first point is that "the government should raise the major portion of its revenue from direct taxes levied on the net incomes of individuals and corporations." He agrees with economists and with progressives generally that indirect or sales taxes are poor policy because they are hidden and because they bear inequitably on those who can least afford to pay. So far, so good.

He then used this argument as a stick with which to beat the Democratic administration, on the ground that whereas in the fiscal year 1932, 59 cents out of every dollar of federal taxes were the product of direct taxation, in 1936 only 49 cents had this origin. This comparison is not only demonstrably unfair, but misses the main point in any such analysis. It overlooks the fact that in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1933, the last of the Hoover administration, a still lower proportion of federal revenue came from direct taxation—42 percent. It ignores the fact that most of the recent additions to indirect taxes were voted under Mr. Hoover, and some of these have since been reduced or repealed. It fails to mention that the biggest addition to indirect revenues under Mr. Roosevelt is derived from liquor taxes, which constitute a special case and are not opposed on the same ground as taxes on common necessities of life. Liquor taxes made up nearly one-quarter of the indirect taxes in the year ending June 30, 1936.

More important than any of these details, however, is the underlying phenomenon which would not have been omitted by any real expert in discussion of the subject. This is that profits and the large individual incomes derived from them are subject to much wider variation between prosperity and depression than any other part of the national income and any other source of revenue. That is particularly the case when, as under our law, capital gains and losses are taken into consideration in reckoning income for taxation purposes. Revenue from income taxation therefore fell with extreme rapidity after 1930, and dropped off much more than other kinds of tax receipts. This accounts for Mr. Hoover's difficulties in the fiscal year 1933, and for the subsequent record of Mr. Roosevelt.

If Mr. Landon had really known what he was talking about, and had been willing courageously to push his point home, the conclusion he would have drawn is that both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt, faced with this situation, ought to have refrained from adding to indirect taxation, and ought instead to have lowered the exemptions of the income tax and raised the normal rate. This, by broadening the base, would have increased the yield and would have done something toward stabilizing it. And the money that could be raised would have come from those who still had taxable incomes instead of from the impoverished, who had to pay sales taxes. This remedy Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin had the courage to advocate, but neither of the presidential candidates has yet followed him.

Instead of drawing this conclusion, Mr. Landon jumped to an attack upon the most important direct tax for which Mr. Roosevelt is responsible—the tax on additions to corporate surpluses. This tax, he was careful not to state, had its origin in the attempt to stop a loophole in the present levy on large incomes. A rich man or a group of rich men who control a corporation and draw their money out of it in dividends must pay income taxes accordingly, but if they leave their earnings in the corporation, they have to pay only the corporation income tax, which is likely to be lower than the effective rate on their personal incomes. This device has been widely used to evade taxation on that part of the incomes of the wealthy which they intend to reinvest—and they normally do reinvest a large part. No real discussion of the measure would omit mention of this fact.

As to its economic effects, apart from increasing the yield of direct taxes, there can be much difference of opinion—it has been discussed at length in these pages. We do not share Mr. Landon's fear that this tax will discourage new investment which ought to be made, or will, through placing a penalty on the building up of large reserves, add to instability of employment. What part of the American economic machine had the largest unemployment in the depression? Heavy industry—run by big corporations with large reserves. What part had the least? Agriculture, with virtually no reserves at all. Reserves do not mean jobs in depression, they mean higher prices, smaller volume of production and more dividends and interest in depression.

Finally, he condemns the administration for the unbalanced budget and reckless spending, just as if it were an individual. Nobody denies that in the long run the budget ought to be balanced, and that the time when this end must be achieved approaches

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as business revival broadens. There is doubtless wasteful spending that ought to be curbed. But to argue that the budget ought to have been balanced in depression is a sign of economic naïveté, to put it as charitably as possible. Government spending based on government credit was not only the one possible way of meeting the pressing needs of the situation; it was also the best possible method, under the circumstances, of enlarging the circulation of purchasing power and stimulating recovery. The only good theoretical alternative, as long as private business was not ready to borrow and spend, was to allow deflation to proceed to its logical end. One shudders to think what the human, the social and the political cost of such a course might have been. Even in Kansas, Mr. Landon's cheese-paring policy injured the community, and if it had not been for federal spending there, he could not have gotten away with it. Either he knows this and conceals it for reasons of policy, or he is too big a fool to be entrusted with the office of President.

"Neutrality" about Spain

WHEN THE Spanish rebellion began, the outside world made the customary mistake of underestimating its probable length. The assumption was general that it would be over in a few days, and it is likely that the rebel forces made their own calculations on this basis. But week after week has gone by without substantial victory for either side and the struggle is likely to go on for months.

At the beginning, there was almost universal fear that a general European war would be precipitated through the alignment of forces in the Spanish conflict. Germany and Italy sided with the fascist-monarchist-militarist uprising immediately (if not sooner); France and the Soviet Union sympathized with the government, although Premier Blum promptly proposed the policy of neutrality so far as the government forces are concerned. From the two first-named countries, men and materials in important quantities have been sent to the aid of the rebels, and since the German and Italian governments are iron dictatorships, it is obvious that this assistance was official in character. The Spanish government has also had some aid, but thus far it has come almost entirely as voluntary contributions from individuals who believe that fascism and civilization are incompatible, and that a victory for General Franco's forces would be a major disaster to the whole world.

All the chief powers involved have now agreed, in principle, to a policy of governmental non-interference, and with this development the fears of an immediate war crisis have somewhat abated. The remaining difficulty lies in the fact, to put it bluntly, that Europe does not believe that the plighted word of either of the fascist dictators, and Hitler in particular, can be relied upon. If the countries supporting the Spanish government live up to their promises and the others do not, the chance that the rebels will be successful is greatly increased despite the fact, now perfectly apparent, that a majority of the Spanish population is opposed to the rebellion.

Many Americans of liberal sympathies are, it is obvious, troubled as to the attitude they should take toward this whole question. Large numbers of them have been brought up to oppose all military activity in whatever cause. They have also schooled themselves to believe that the United States and its citizens should keep aloof, to the utmost possible extent, from all European quarrels, in the conviction that another world war is impending and that the future of civilization would best be served by having this country keep out if it is humanly possible to do so. Those who are thirty years of age or more have painful memories of a previous occasion on which the United States intervened in European affairs with results about equally disastrous for the Old World and the New. They ask themselves now, what should be the attitude of a good liberal, who is also a hater of violence, as to intervention in Spain.

In matters of conscience, no answer of one individual or group can be entirely valid for others. Nevertheless, a few points can be made.

The civil war in Spain must not be allowed to develop into a war between the nations. That is the most important point, on which all the others depend. But we should not forget that there would have been no war at all, that there would have been merely a series of bitter skirmishes, if the nations of Europe had followed a logical course. On July 19, the high officers of the army attempted a coup against the elected Spanish government. The coup failed utterly to reach its principal objectives. The plotters were defeated and captured in Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia, the three largest cities. The navy and the aviation service remained loyal, as did the broad masses of the people. If the other nations of Europe had acted according to normal and sensible procedure, if they had continued to trade with the legal government and had refused arms to the rebels, the revolt would have collapsed. Thousands of lives would have been saved, including those of the 2,000 militiamen who were massacred two weeks ago in Badajoz. But the normal procedure was reversed. France hesitated, Britain sat on both sides of the fence, while Germany and Italy were rushing airplanes and tanks to the rebels. The fascist nations bullied the democratic nations into regarding the military revolt as a genuine civil war.

At present the damage has been done. At present Premier Blum's policy of shipping arms to neither side is the soundest and wisest possible, on the assumption that all the powers can be brought to respect it. No development in any one country, no matter how disastrous, is worth a European war.

This does not mean, however, that believers in a civilization based on the rights of the common man can afford to sit by with hands folded and see the Spanish struggle wear itself out, while weakly pro-

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testing against "the atrocities on both sides." Freedom and democratic rights are fighting everywhere in the world with their backs to the wall. The situation is ten times more acute than it was when Primo de Rivera was the Spanish dictator. If that country were now to join the fascist bloc, the outlook in Europe would be dark indeed. There is every reason for those opposed to ignorance and cruelty to bestir themselves. If they can do no more, they at least can contribute to the funds that the labor unions are raising for the Spanish Red Cross. They can fight against the campaign of slander that Hearst and his allies are conducting in the effort to weaken the Spanish government.

In the meantime, our own government should take effective steps to prevent the delivery of military supplies (including gasoline and motor trucks) to the few Spanish ports now held by the rebels. It should require publicity, as complete as possible, regarding contributions made to either side in the struggle. The friends of the democratic government that is now fighting for life against a band of barbarian chiefs in uniform are not ashamed to stand up and be counted. Let those who want to see the world return to the Dark Ages do likewise.

Organized Teachers Speak Out

THE COWED and timorous school teacher of American tradition was notably absent from the recent convention of the American Federation of Teachers. Assembled in Philadelphia were teachers who took a forthright, progressive line of action throughout the five days of their sessions.

These teachers are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. As such they were addressed by Adolph Hirschberg, president of the Philadelphia Central Labor Union, who launched a bitter harangue in favor of William Green and the traditional A.F. of L. leadership and denounced as traitors John L. Lewis and the industrial unionists. The teachers were unimpressed. When the time came, they voted unanimously a resolution favoring the principle of industrial unionism and censuring the A.F. of L. for the expulsion of Lewis and the unions of the C.I.O. In the interests of solidarity in the labor movement they rejected a proposal to withdraw from the A.F. of L. and join the C.I.O., but their unanimous vote on the previous resolution showed plainly where their sympathies lay.

In their whole program the teachers showed the strength of a vigorous, growing union. The American Federation of Teachers is now twenty years old. From a low point of 3,000, the membership has climbed, particularly in the past two years, to the present organization of 35,000 teachers. Particular efforts are now being made to organize college teachers and teachers on W.P.A. projects, and reports at the convention indicated that the coming year will see a record enrolment of new members.

The convention voted in favor of the Lundeen bill as a means toward an adequate social-security program, called for federal aid for needy students and denounced federal and state economies accomplished by curtailing or crippling the school system. Definite point was given to their line of action by a telegram to Governor Landon asking point-blank, "If elected, would you attempt to balance the federal budget at the expense of education and relief? The teachers of America cannot overlook the fact that Kansas is at the bottom of the list in state aid to education. . . ." Thus far Governor Landon has not answered the telegram, just as he has made no reply to Charles A. Beard's recent telegram asking if he were proud to be sponsored by Mr. Hearst.

As for Mr. Hearst himself, the convention voted unanimously a resolution to boycott all his publications. His pet project, the teachers' oath bill, was denounced in vigorous language, and the convention made it plain that it had no use for fascist-minded professional patriots. Professor Louis M. Hacker of Columbia University furnished one of the oratorical high points of the convention with a speech in which he said, "The Daughters of the American Revolution are the most dangerous enemies of the free schools in America. It is time these busybodies were told what their ancestors fought for. . . ."

The convention went on record in favor of the building of a farmer-labor party and of coöperation with Labor's Non-Partisan League. The teachers expressed sympathy for the workers and civilian population of Spain in their struggle to prevent the overthrow of democratic government and the setting up of fascist-military dictatorship.

Professor Jerome Davis of Yale Divinity School was elected president of the American Federation of Teachers. A proposal offered by the executive council of the A.F. of L. to revoke the charter of New York Local Number Five on the ground that it was "controlled by those openly hostile to the principles of the American Federation of Labor" was overwhelmingly defeated. Last year a dispute over the local threatened to disrupt the membership. This year finds the American Federation of Teachers united, militant and facing forward.

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Carl Sandburg

A LITTLE more than twenty years have gone by since Carl Sandburg became known as a poet to the generality of American readers, and now one looks back over his career with a kind of esteem that only a few of his contemporaries inspire. In the interests of criticism several things may have to be said about his writings in their actual execution, but so long as you have your mind on the main intention of Sandburg's books or the spirit in which they have mostly been written, you are bound—unless that intention and that spirit are too alien to you—to take pleasure in his work and to hope that it will have a long line of offspring. There are cases in which a fine intention patiently and faithfully adhered to becomes itself a production to estimate and respect, and in that sense Carl Sandburg's continuous effort to find a poetic outlet for the fast, hard, noisy, smoky, machine-ridden experience of Middle Western city people and for the dry, unshaded experience of Middle Western villagers and farmers—his effort, I say, has taken on the dimensions of a literary achievement, and one that no disparagement can minimize. In a generation in which most poets set themselves more manageable and more opportune tasks, he undertook to be the poet of a people among whom the sources of poetry, though by no means exhausted, were untapped, grown over, and all but completely forgotten.

He was not content, unlike most poets of that generation, to explore and exploit the tortuous reaches of a highly private and often abstruse experience, or to work out the forms of expression for a complicated sensibility—aims which, even after more than a century, still promised the most certain results to writers who worked within the romantic-individualist tradition. Sandburg's was the intention of a rhapsodist or scop or (with important differences) of a modern "political" poet; and it led him to the attempt to get into verse the whole disorderly and humid life of the twentieth-century United States, with its violence, its grandiosity, its social tensions, and its waste of human impulse and power. He has described himself officially as an American folk-song recitalist, and obviously enough the impetus behind the great bulk of his work has been to provide a minstrelsy for Chicago and Kalamazoo; for the mechanic, the typist and the farmhand. If Mr. C. H. Compton, the St. Louis librarian, is to be believed, Sandburg has succeeded in speaking for such people—as readers, specifically—far more fully than it would be easy and conventional to assume.

Under all the circumstances, however—circumstances of time and social condition—there was something honorably quixotic and something paradoxical in his attempting to fill this ancient or anticipatory role. The chances are that Sandburg himself has been well aware of the paradox: he once remarked to an interviewer that "saying 'Chicago' and 'poems' close together like that is like saying 'hell roses' or 'hell lilies.'" At any rate, it is certainly true that he was not very lucky in his milieu and his moment. The relation between a reflective and highly organized modern poet and the great mass of middle-class or working-class Americans could not actually be the relation between a folk-poet and his people; could not be spontaneous, intimate, many-sided and unreserved. The creator of a lay or a ballad is nourished by the life of the community about him because he can share it unselfconsciously on every level; can enter not only into the physical experiences of his people at work and play, into their sentiments and general emotions, but into their thought, their imagination and their spiritual experience. A poet of Sandburg's time and place might share, as he has certainly done, many of the simpler aspects of his people's life; but if he were a man of fine talent and serious purposes, he could not really identify himself, heart and mind, with the social world of which he was a part. There might be, as the revolutionary poets have been showing, another relation and a fruitful one into which he might consciously enter; but just that was never Sandburg's clear choice, and the result has been that his environing culture has not nourished him and his poetry as they deserved to be nourished.

Thanks to the genuineness of his gifts and perhaps to some deep resource of health and sanity, he made himself a remarkable writer in spite of Chicago and Kalamazoo. But to reread his books at this hour is to see how little he has owed—how much too little—to a common way of life, a common morality, a common fund of ideas and convictions. Sandburg has not aimed, needless to say, at being a metaphysical poet, but like all writers he has evidently felt the need to discern some meaning in the welter of things and events, and the need has mainly gone unanswered. Like Dreiser, like Masters, like Anderson, he has been able to mirror—often with startling fidelity—the world about him: he has not been able to focus or integrate it. A troubled skepticism, an enervating indecisiveness, overlie much of what he has written: whenever the raw fact or the strong primitive sentiment is left behind, we are likely to find ourselves in a chartless prairie of bewilderment and doubt, with little to fix our eyes upon but a riddle or a question-mark. "Mist," "fog," "phantoms," "ashes," "dust," these are favorite images, and they are the true emblems of the poet's almost unrelieved uncertainty. Ob-

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sessed with the grimly impersonal drift of time, he has often failed to see any understandable tendency in the whole course of human experience:

> History is no sure thing to bet on.
> History is a box of tricks with a lost key.

More than once he has fallen back on a helpless relativism and a philosophy of pure chance:

> God is Luck: Luck is God: we are all bones the High Thrower rolled: some are two spots, some are double sixes.

And in the poem about the Grand Canyon:

> each one makes his own Canyon
> before he comes, each one brings
> and carries away his own Canyon—
> who knows? and how do I know?

Behind so dubious a state of mind as this lie certainly the too easy beliefs or the vulgar unbelief of our harried and leaderless population: out of that state of mind must have sprung the surprisingly harsh despondency that came more and more to prevail in Sandburg's work after the first volume and that led him, in "Good-Morning, America," to speak of "the short miserable pilgrimage of mankind" between an ice age far in the past and an ice age perhaps not so far in the future. Certainly the winds that blow across his city streets and his open prairies seem often to have reached them after passing over some near and menacing glacier. It is extraordinary, considering the warm and genial temperament that the evidence forces us to believe in, how little heat one actually finds in the pages of Sandburg's books. Of tenderness, of humane feeling, of generous and robust sentiment, there is notoriously a great deal: of strong, sharp and ardent emotion, of the specific passion and intensity of poetry, there is singularly little. This verse, you feel, is the work of a man whose emotional nature, like his intellectual life, has never found the earth and air in which it could develop freely and expansively. His strength has lain in his closeness to the people, but they are a people whose impulses and affections have been nipped and stunted like trees in a city park or like wild flowers on a stock farm; and of so cramped an emotional existence this too cool, too inexpensive, too phlegmatic poetry —this poetry of half-lights and understatement and ironic anti-climaxes—is the inevitable expression.

In form and language it has of course reflected the intellectual perplexity and the emotional constraint that have been its setting. Diffused through half a dozen books there is the fruit of much thoughtfulness, much pondering, much sensitive perception and understanding; but, with admirable exceptions, it *is* all diffused, and not concentrated: in a score of poems it is unmistakable; in single poems it is rarely fused and final. The frequent looseness of the form corresponds to the indeterminateness of the mental structure beneath it; and if the rhythms are sometimes broken and prosaic, images sometimes whimsical or merely customary, the words themselves sometimes naked and inexpressive, it is because they have not passed through the lens of heightened and translucent emotion. Sandburg's words, it is true, have often come to him from the inexhaustible reservoirs of American slang; and, given his purpose, that was just where they should have come from: with no other language could he ever have rendered the surfaces or even the spirit of contemporary life as he has rendered them with his "galoots," his "necktie parties," his "fadeaways" and his "fake passes." But slang is an instrument with a big end and a little end, and if one of its uses is to magnify and clarify perceptions, another is to dwarf and blur and weaken them: it is as often prompted by a distrust of ideas, of strong emotion and of beauty, as by quick intelligence and fresh feeling. It has sometimes been a decoy to Sandburg as to certain other writers: it has led him to fritter away his meanings instead of pointing and pressing them.

He has not, in short, made by any means so full a use of his manifest gifts as under better circumstances he might have made; but in spite of the pedants who prefer the perfect achievement of a modest or trifling intention to the imperfect achievement of an ambitious or difficult one, his qualified success has been far more impressive than the less qualified—and lesser—successes of some of his contemporaries. This son of an immigrant Swede railroad worker, this ex-housepainter, ex-dishwasher, ex-newspaperman, has done more than all but two or three other writers of his time to keep somewhat open and unclogged the channels that ought to flow between the lives at the base of society and the literary consciousness. The substance of his poetic insights and sympathies may be scattered rather loosely through "Chicago Poems" and "Smoke and Steel," "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years" and, now, "The People, Yes"; but at least it is ever present in those books, and it is not easy to think of another writer who has perceived more subtly or reproduced more variously that world of towering silos and pregnant-looking cornfields, of band concerts on July evenings and lighted ice-cream parlors, of stockyards and crowded street-cars and night skies lurid over the din of rolling mills. The eye of a reporter-poet and the ear of a born musician have contributed their large share toward making Sandburg's books what they are.

His eye and his ear, however, have not been deserted by more essential faculties, and "The People, Yes" reminds us that, whatever his confusions and his negations may have been, Carl Sandburg's intuitive grasp of a few basic values, human and social, has never been more than intermittently relaxed. His earliest poetry drew much of its color and its lift from Sandburg's association with the Socialist movement in the Middle West in the years just before the War; and even in the extreme doldrums of the twenties, his wise, homely, tender book

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on Lincoln showed that his imagination could not wander far from the democratic center of the American folk tradition. How generously the imagination of an American poet can be fed and the art of such a poet mellowed by that tradition, "The People, Yes," in spite of some air pockets, amply demonstrates. In the midst of sharper and sharper conflicts between the principle of subordination and the principle of equality, this poem is an eloquent and sometimes a passionate reassertion of the dignity, the fortitude, the unweariable creativeness, the historic and unrelinquished hopes of "the laboring many." It is not, after all, as a short and miserable pilgrimage merely that Sandburg now sees the difficult record of the race:

> And man the stumbler and finder, goes on,
> man the dreamer of deep dreams,
> man the shaper and maker,
> man the answerer.

Like one of his own fogs, Sandburg's doubts and apprehensions seem to have burned off at last, and his latest words are again in the strong and sanguine spirit of his inheritance from Whitman:

> . nd across the bitter years and the howling winters
> the deathless dream will be the stronger,
> the dream of equity will win.

NEWTON ARVIN.

This is the third article in a series of Revaluation. The fourth will deal with Eugene O'Neill.

Carl Sandburg's new book, "The People, Yes," is published by Harcourt, Brace at $2.50.—THE EDITORS.

Liberty League Liberty

III: *Liberty in Industry*

A CONFLICT of liberties that has been waged for years in many industrial nations, and with peculiar bitterness in the United States, is that between the liberty of workers to organize into unions and engage in collective bargaining with employers about wages, hours and conditions of work, and the liberty of employers to dominate the conditions of employment without the intervention of independent labor organizations. To repeat all the arguments and theories that have centered about this struggle would fill volumes. The simplest statements of the two cases are obvious enough and have many times been made: (1) in a democratic society workers have the right to associate together for improvement of their conditions, the right to bargain as a unit for the only thing they have to sell—their labor services; (2) in a society based on private ownership of capital, the owner of a business has the right to manage it as he sees fit.

Fundamentally, this is an issue of the right and the fitness to govern. Industry is a realm the operation of which conditions the lives of all in a modern society. It determines the circumstances of existence both for those who work in it and for those who consume its products—and these are not only the majority of the nation, but largely the same people. The labor movement is therefore essentially democratic in principle, since it asserts the right of the industrial citizen to have a share, through democratic procedure, in the decisions that govern his life. The anti-labor movement is essentially autocratic, since it asserts the right of a relatively small class to govern industry, without democratic checks. The same old debates that have always converged about democracy vs. autocracy in politics are continually refurbished in this case. Who gave the autocrats their right to rule? They often betray the popular interest by their self-seeking. They keep the best for themselves; they are sometimes cruel, careless callous to the popular needs and inefficient. On the other hand, it is urged that the mass is unintelligent and cannot seek its own best interests. Those who govern are those better fitted by inheritance, training or accomplishment. Moreover, the mass is exploited by demagogues. It never will really rule; a nominal victory for it would merely change the persons having power, substituting worse for better. (It is significant that in the most democratic nations such as France and Great Britain, the labor movement is strong, while the very first moves of avowedly anti-democratic fascist dictators such as Mussolini and Hitler were to destroy the independent unions and labor parties.)

Since the tradition of democracy runs deep in the United States, the opponents of unionism here stand at a disadvantage in debate, if the issue is stated in its crude terms. They have often suffered by this in the past—not so much in loss of actual power as in gradual loss of prestige and in the swelling of hostile sentiment. The blunt coal operator who said publicly years ago that God gave him the divine right to rule his mines was too pure a royalist to be anything but a butt of ridicule. Even later, when in 1921 and 1922 the "open" shop (closed against unions and union members) was defended as "the American plan" because it preserved the right of the individual to work for what wages and hours he pleased, the convincing answer was that the only right he really had was to work for what wages and

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hours the employer pleased, or not to work at all, since as an individual dealing with the superior economic power of an employer or association of employers he had virtually no influence over the wages and hours offered except in rare periods of labor shortage.

And so in recent years—and particularly after the inauguration of the New Deal—even some of the most autocratic employers have accepted collective bargaining as a phrase. The right of workers to collective bargaining was made law in Section 7a of the National Industrial Recovery Act, and, when that law was declared unconstitutional, it was re-enacted in the Wagner bill. Anti-union employers were forced, temporarily at least, to do something about it. They developed rapidly the latent technique of the company union or the employee-representation plan. Being compelled to go through the motions of collective bargaining, they protected themselves by forming the kind of union they wanted, a union that they could dominate. Such a union is confined to a single plant or company; its constitution and by-laws are usually drawn up by the employer; it has no dues or funds and does not pay its own officers, who are themselves employees and hence subject to discharge or denial of promotion. Thenceforth, independent unions and their organizers were denounced as persons who interfered with or intimidated the worker in the exercise of his liberty to bargain through the company union. The anti-union employers announced their firm resolution to protect their employees in this "right." This was the main burden of a full-page advertisement inserted in hundreds of newspapers by the American Iron and Steel Institute to offset the steel organizing campaign of the trade-union Committee for Industrial Organization in 1936.

The National Labor Board, which administered Section 7a of the N.I.R.A., and its successor, the National Labor Relations Board, which administered the improved collective-bargaining section of the Wagner bill, had developed a democratic technique for dealing with this difficulty. The intention of the legislation was not merely to secure the liberty of the worker to bargain collectively, but to bargain through representatives of his own choosing. This included, in any realistic application of the principle, the right to choose an independent union to represent him, not merely the right to vote for representatives in an employer-dominated union. And so elections were held under government supervision, in cases where a genuine union asserted that it represented any given body of workers, to discover whether the employees wanted to bargain through the union or through the company's employee-representation plan. This method had been in successful operation for several years on the railroads, where labor relations were governed by a separate law, and where the struggle between company-dominated unions and genuine unions had been in process ever since the shopmen's strike of 1922. It resulted almost uniformly in victories for the independent unions. The Wagner Act went further than this by making it unlawful for employers to attempt to interfere with or influence the organization of labor and the choosing of representatives. The law charged the N.L.R.B. with the duty of preventing them from doing so.

What did the Liberty League have to do with this labor struggle? The debate had been going on for years before the League came into existence. But here was a clear-cut conflict of liberties, and the choice of sides by the new body was significant. It organized a National Lawyers' Committee to examine New Deal legislation and declare whether it was constitutional. This committee, among other activities, promptly reported that the Wagner Act was unconstitutional. Not only did it do this, but it advised employers to disobey the law while it was still a law. (The Supreme Court has not passed upon it as I write, and the subordinate federal courts have differed about it. A United States Circuit Court in New York State, the highest authority that has yet adjudicated the issue, has unanimously upheld the law in principle.) The Liberty League Committee furthermore offered free legal service to any employer who, through disobedience of the Act, became involved in litigation. Many important employers have in consequence disobeyed the law, by forming or dominating company unions, and by refusing to allow the National Labor Relations Board to hold elections to determine whether the workers preferred a genuine union. And the Labor Relations Board has had to contest, for the power to perform its lawful duty, against Liberty League lawyers representing law-breaking employers all over the country. The action of the anti-union employers and the Liberty League in this matter indicates how much they really care for democracy and how sincere they are in protecting the liberty of employees.

So far, we have been examining the more public aspect of this struggle, the aspect that is usually discussed in the press, in hearings and courts. But there is a private and a decidedly more ugly aspect. There exists in the United States, and has existed for many years, a large and profitable secret industry, the purpose of which is to spy upon union activity, to build up company-dominated unions, to betray unions to employers, to supply strikebreakers, to act as provocateurs in stirring up violence, to draw up blacklists of active union men, to promote dissension in unions, to put traitors in places where they can mislead organizations of labor, steal or dissipate their funds, and generally to weaken them in the interest of hostile employers. This, too, is an old story. It has been subject to many inquiries and revelations, from time to time and in detail. Employers who utilize this industry may believe they are protecting their own liberty, but it can scarcely be more than a pretence that they are protecting the liberty of the employees.

Unions, in attempting to exercise their rights under New Deal legislation, and the National

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Labor Relations Board in attempting to enforce these rights, discovered that the secret spying and union-smashing agencies were among the chief obstacles. A subcommittee of the Committee on Labor and Education of the United States Senate held preliminary hearings in April, 1936, to discover whether a full investigation of the subject were desirable. In these hearings the Labor Board and union representatives put some amazing facts on the record.

Mr. Heber Blankenhorn of the staff of the Labor Board introduced an exhibit specifically listing 200 agencies whose exclusive or principal business was industrial espionage or strikebreaking. "Included are a dozen national or area systems 'with offices in all centers' and agents in any industrial locality. (Excluded are the 'service departments' characteristic of the chief largest industries, which only hire the agencies in emergencies, or as supplementary.)" Mr. Blankenhorn estimated that these agencies employ a minimum of 40,000 operatives and do a business costing a minimum of $80,000,000 a year.

In the Labor Board report, prepared by Mr. Blankenhorn after careful investigation, the following passages appear:

> Detective agencies . . . have spies for sale and armed strikebreakers and munitions. "Labor trouble" is not merely to their business advantage; it is practically their whole business. They inform clients of "trouble," they threaten it, and often where it is not forthcoming they make it. They have "operatives" furnished with any sort of union card, skilled in aiding union organization, if need be, so that the agency may be hired to break the union.
>
> Since violence is to their advantage they have instigated or directly created violence. Their operatives have been convicted of violence in the past. The same agencies are equipped today to do the same things. . . .
>
> The individual agent or spy knows he won't draw pay long if he reports "no trouble." The agency knows the pay stays small for merely spotting union men for discharge, and then the pay ceases. All know the big money is in "trouble," the larger and more violent, the more profitable. . . .
>
> Their lawyers, including very eminent counsel, attempt in court to protect their secrecy as a business right. They have largely succeeded in doing so. . . .
>
> Some police authorities regard strikebreakers as a considerable criminal class. Federal authorities have raided them, communities have driven them out, and a few states have legislated in their restraint. . . . "Industry turns out criminals faster than the government can catch them."

Later Mr. Blankenhorn made the startling statement that "one agency hired a college professor to spy on a meeting of economists."

These and other general charges were substantiated in the hearings by accounts of numerous specific events, citing names, dates and places.

A letter from Robert J. Foster, of the Foster Service, New York City, promised a prospective client that if a union were formed, the agency would "control the activities of the union and direct its policies." If a strike were imminent, the agency would "carry on an intrigue which would result in factions, disagreement, resignations of officers and general decrease in membership."

In Pekin, Illinois, there was labor trouble in February, 1936, at the plant of the American Distilling Company. Existence of espionage was revealed in Labor Board hearings. A strike occurred. Tear gas was used against the picket line by local authorities. (Tear gas is one of the common stocks-in-trade of the industrial agencies; it is offered to clients along with machine guns, spies, strikebreakers and lawyers.) So intense was the resentment of labor against this violence that a general strike was declared in the city. Open armed conflict seemed to be imminent. At this moment the Peoria Manufacturers' Association sent into Pekin two men, at least one of whom had a criminal record, both dressed in police uniforms and armed. Their names were Charles and Edward Summers. Their arrest by local authorities led to the discovery of the facts about them. A letter from the Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association, Mr. L. E. Roark, admitted that they were sent in without the knowledge of the local authorities, and that they were registered in the Association's employment office as "deputy sheriffs and special guards." Charles Summers had been convicted and sentenced several times, once for robbery. Afterwards he testified before the Illinois state parole authorities as follows: "Kinsella was causing a lot of trouble for the Manufacturers' Association, and Mr. Roark thought it would be a good idea to put him in the hospital for a while. He offered me $50, $25 of which he advanced." If Summers had not been arrested and the general strike had not been called off, murders might have been committed and local civil war might have resulted.

In Akron, Ohio, a bitter strike of employees of the Goodyear Rubber Company in February, 1936, enlisted the support of almost the whole community and nearly resulted in a general strike. What aroused the city's workers, according to Mr. Blankenhorn's testimony, were the following facts:

1. The Company had nullified orders of the National Labor Relations Board intended to secure collective bargaining, by contesting these orders in the courts.
2. Sheriff's deputies, armed with tear gas, guns and clubs, had recently violently disrupted a picket line in a strike at the Ohio Insulator Company, near Akron. It was announced that these deputies were paid by the company. (Strikebreaking agencies make a regular business of supplying thugs, to be deputized as officers of the peace, while they are paid by the employer.)
3. Labor spies had just been discovered and exposed in the rubber unions.
4. In the previous year, as reported by Edward Levinson in his book "I Break Strikes," the three big rubber companies had approved the plan of a strikebreaking agency, Bergoff, to form a vigilante or-

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ganization known as the "Citizens' Law and Order Association," to be "like the Ku Klux Klan used to be." All members were to be sworn in as special deputies. The companies raised $50,000 to finance this association. The passage from Levinson's book describing this plan was read to a mass meeting of rubber workers. Now a Law and Order League was being formed by ex-Mayor Sparks, to fight labor, and its members were being deputized. An Akron newspaper reflected public sentiment by denouncing this League in a front-page editorial, saying, "If the Law and Order League does not at once abandon its stupid and dangerous program, then Akron can prepare itself for a bath of blood."

Thus do employers' efforts to fight the mere existence of unions lead toward disruption of civil peace and civil liberty. You cannot have liberty in a community infested with spies and armed troublemakers, a community in which public officers are in the pay of one party to a controversy, a community in which officials are in league with gangsters and law-breakers. These are but a few instances out of many, examination of which led the Senate Committee to write in its report:

> Wage-earners attempting to take advantage of their legal right to organize find that to do so imperils their right to peaceable assembly, to freedom of speech, and to vote, no less than to keep their jobs. . . . Public records show the close organizational connections between professional spy and strikebreaking agencies, plant munitioning concerns and a league of lawyers sponsoring concerted obstructiveness in the courts. . . .
>
> Proof of espionage touched the largest corporations (*e. g.*, United States Steel, rubber, auto and textile companies); names were named, money paid over was produced at the hearings, and past official denials by some corporation heads were shown to be merely a part of the espionage technique. . . . The Labor Board, terming it all "very dirty business," finds that espionage "has probably become the principal method of frustration of the policy of the Act." Yet the Board found reputable lawyers for industrialists telling it there is something in the Constitution of the United States which prevents American governments doing anything to correct this outrage. . . .
>
> Usurpation of police powers by privately paid "guards" and "deputies," often hired from detective agencies, many with criminal records, is a general practice in many parts of the country. . . . There are areas where no union officer can go without risk of personal violence. . . .
>
> Munitions, *e. g.*, gas bombs and machine guns, for use against strikers have been stocked since 1933 by industrial plants, or by local authorities, though often paid for by industrialists. This munitioning continues. . . .

One is reminded of the tyrannies and abuses of power listed in the Declaration of Independence. Representative government in industry, even though established by act of Congress, is denied, and the denial is enforced by every means of violence, intimidation and corruption that the law-breaking employers can devise.

Nor is the injury confined to wage-earners alone. "Spy and strikebreaking agencies not infrequently assume the masks of patriotism, ultra-Americanism, or some form of public service," the Labor Board reports. One example, it states, is the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation, whose "honorary manager" is Mr. Harry A. Jung. Mr. Jung was associated with Mrs. Albert W. Dilling in compiling a book called "The Red Network," which denounces as Reds a long list of prominent persons having liberal or progressive views. This book is used as a reference work by "patriotic" bodies who attempt to suppress public speeches by anyone listed. Their un-American practice is, through assassination of reputation, to try to deny freedom of speech to anyone with whom they disagree.

How is the Liberty League associated with these activities? Mr. Blankenhorn, in his testimony, showed that Federal Laboratories, Inc., of Pittsburgh, sold to employers, or acted as broker for, tear gas, vomit gas, Thompson submachine-guns, Smith and Wesson revolvers, gas guns, grenades, billies and armored cars. A member of its Board of Directors is W. W. Groves, president of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company, "which operates a number of espionage and strikebreaking concerns throughout the country." Another director of Federal Laboratories is Roy G. Bostwick, the law partner of Earl F. Reed. Mr. Reed was chairman of the subcommittee that wrote the brief against the Wagner labor law for the National Committee of Lawyers of the American Liberty League.

The third largest shoe manufacturer in the country engaged the largest strikebreaker in the Middle West. This strikebreaker, questioned by the National Labor Relations Board, defied it, and was defended in doing so by the attorney of the shoe company, who was a member of the Liberty League lawyers' committee.

A large auto-accessory company engaged a big labor detective agency and was defended in doing so before the Labor Board by an eminent member of the Liberty League lawyers' committee.

The chairman of the Liberty League lawyers' committee appeared before the Board "defending a steel company, which is buying tear gas from the chemical company, and spies from the detective agency, whose offices interlock with the Liberty League lawyer."

Of course the Liberty League and its lawyers' committee do not in public pronouncements advocate violence and espionage, even though they advocate disobedience of the Wagner Act. Their public appearances are dignified and their reports deal with abstruse constitutional issues. But when it comes to supporting the action of employers who are fighting unions, it could hardly be otherwise than that individual members of the committee should defend the varied devices of these employers. The Liberty League came upon the scene long after the questionable practices were developed; it did not invent them. They will continue after its

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disappearance. What is important, however, is that it attempts to associate the revered symbol of liberty with those who think liberty means this sort of thing.

We have seen that in politics, Liberty League liberty simply means fighting against government as a dangerous regulator or rival of private business enterprise. We have seen that the effort is either to control government so that it shall not exercise this power, or, if government cannot be so controlled, to combat it and disobey it. In industry, Liberty League liberty likewise means controlling, corrupting or fighting against organized labor as an aspirant for a share in power over private industry, and trying to prevent government from being used as an agency to secure labor's liberties. It is apparently a matter of little concern to those who believe in Liberty League liberty whether their activities require deceit, corruption, espionage, civil violence or suppression of the Bill of Rights as a safeguard for others than themselves.

GEORGE SOULE.

Union-Card Journalist

TO MY own mild surprise, I find myself a trade-union man, in good standing, dues paid, affiliated with the A.F. of L. and entitled to address William Green as Papa. This comes through my membership in the American Newspaper Guild, which I joined as soon as it was legally possible for me to do so. The Guild lately entered the A.F. of L., and did so with such velocity, in fact, that it shows some signs of eventually going right on through and out the other side into the C.I.O. Meanwhile, however, it is a standard craft union, receiving the loyal coöperation of other unions of this type. It possesses a nationwide and effective organization. It has contracts in force with some of the leading papers of the United States, and is in negotiation with others. In certain cases, a chapter of the Guild is beneficial to its members even without a definite contractual relationship with the publisher. In two instances, it is now conducting strikes, one of which, in Seattle, has suspended for several weeks a newspaper that is a member of the rich, powerful and none too scrupulous Hearst chain.

The rise of the Guild has greatly disturbed many people including some who, I do not doubt, are entirely sincere. In this category I would cheerfully place Mr. Roy Howard, of the Scripps-Howard newspapers and, in particular, The New York World-Telegram. Mr. Howard says he was in favor of the Newspaper Guild from the first, but now he is beginning to have grave doubts about it—so grave that he hesitates to sign the new agreement that the Guild asks. His objections, broadly speaking, are three. He is opposed to what he regards as the Guild's demand for a "closed shop": journalism, he thinks, should be free to summon to its glorious banner able new recruits wherever they may be found. Second, he fears the Guild may demand wage and hour conditions so onerous that the papers will not be able to meet them. And third, like numerous other publishers, he is concerned about the freedom of the press. He envisages with dismay a future in which all reporters will be labor-union members who will write exclusively from the union-labor point of view. His alarm goes even further: he sees the Guild members leaning toward a new and leftward political affiliation. He and many other publishers not only object to this but they apparently want working newspapermen to be without political affiliations of any sort. The aim is to have journalists who are above the battle even if the owners of the papers are not, and even with incomes that are often shockingly low. Such intellectual eunuchs, it is felt, would be the best practitioners of this noble profession.

Mr. Howard's first point is apparently based on a misunderstanding. The Guild does not ask for a closed shop. It only asks that new reporters and editors, after a reasonable length of time, shall join the union. Mr. Howard can continue to assemble brilliant young journalists from all directions; but if they turn out to be brilliant and to be journalists, the Guild would like to have them join the ranks of the professional association, for their own welfare and that of their calling. It is obvious to anyone with common sense that without this condition, the Newspaper Guild could not long survive. Otherwise, a hostile publisher with a Guild chapter in his local room could simply pack the place with workers pledged in advance not to join, and in the course of time—and a pretty short time, too—there wouldn't be any Guild. This is a battle that has been fought and won in every unionized industry in the country, and I am a little surprised that the publishers should never have heard of it before.

As for the fear that the reporters will set their salaries too high and make all the nice publishers bankrupt, this position, also, surprises me a little. Certainly, neither the minimum nor the average wages on the papers with Guild contracts are at present exorbitant. I have been through some newspaper strikes, as an editorial executive and on Mr. Howard's side of the fence. The publishers always began by declaring that they could not pay the wages asked and would go bankrupt. That is Move One in the game. In the end, they always did pay them, and went on making money. They would have fiercely resisted the suggestion that they throw

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open their books to representatives of the compositors or pressmen in order to prove that they were earning nothing and were about to earn even less. I see no reason to believe that writers and editors, through a union, are any more likely than typesetters and printers, also through a union, to dry up the spring at which they must drink.

To the general public, the matter of freedom of the press is a more serious one. No doubt many honest souls are really troubled lest the accuracy and honesty of journalism be impaired through the adoption, by the working staffs, of a special point of view. One would need a book to deal adequately with this subject; but in the meantime, here are a few points, in summary outline, which the reader can fill in for himself:

1. There is not the slightest evidence that the Newspaper Guild has tried, or ever will try, to dictate the editorial policies of the newspapers where its members are employed. A point worth noting here is that the Constitution of the Guild expressly says that no one shall under any circumstances be barred from membership because of his political opinions, or because of any views expressed by him in his writing.

2. In its attitude on this question, the Guild actually goes further toward the attitude of Mr. Howard and his friends than seems to me to be wise ultimate social policy. We must remember that the press is not free today, not even in America where there is less outside interference than anywhere else in the world. There is no complete solution of this problem; the best we can hope for is a choice among evils. Today, it is the publisher and his friends and business associates who decide the attitude the paper shall take on controversial questions. Having known many publishers, and a far larger number of working journalists, I believe the social welfare would on the whole be better protected if the attitude of any paper were to be determined by the whole group of its employees, rather than by the single word of the one man whose personal, financial affairs are most heavily involved. We should not then have what we do today: men distorting the truth in order to hold their jobs; a Hearst anti-radical campaign conducted by persons known to their associates to be themselves in sympathy with radicalism; a great conservative journal supporting Landon with the utmost vigor when only three of fifty editorial employees intend to vote the Republican ticket.

3. What journalism greatly needs is the development of professional standards and ethics among its practitioners. These can never be achieved so long as the able, experienced journalist is forced to bow to the wishes of men who are often inferior in character and training, men whose only form of debate is to take away the livelihood of their opponents. Can you imagine a community in which all the doctors were employed on salary by, let us say, the manufacturers of a nostrum alleged to cure scarlet fever? Can you conceive of these doctors, when a scarlet-fever epidemic broke out, refusing to treat their patients except with the nostrum of their employer? Who would dare to prattle of medical ethics in such a case?

4. Those who raise the bogey of trade-union dictatorship of the press are, as usual, unwilling to read the records of experience. Great Britain has for many years had a trade union comparable in all respects to the American Newspaper Guild. Suggest to any British publisher that because of this fact the news in the English press is colored or distorted, and he would laugh in your face.

I repeat, the question of a free press is assuredly one of the greatest importance and concern. It will probably never be entirely solved, human nature being what it is, but great amelioration is possible. That is why I am sorry to see this issue so debauched by propagandists that it is now hard to get thoughtful people to give it any serious consideration at all. The newspaper publishers cried "freedom of the press" when the government sought to impose on them a code precisely similar to those created for other precisely similar businesses. They cried "freedom of the press" when a committee of the United States Senate sought to inquire into the sinister underground activities of a dangerous gang of lobbyists. They cry "freedom of the press" when their own editorial employees ask entirely moderate and reasonable wage and hour conditions and the right of collective bargaining guaranteed by law. They cry "freedom of the press" when they fight the child-labor amendment on the ground of "federal regimentation." Every newspaperman remembers the editor who refused to use his largest headline type on the ground that he was saving it for the second coming of Christ. I regret to see the publishers use their heaviest ammunition in a fake fight on an unreal enemy. When and if freedom of the press is actually threatened in this country as it has been threatened—and destroyed—in Germany, Italy and half a dozen other European countries, the publishers will be in no position to protest. When they sound the alarm the public will yawn and murmur "There's that old cry of 'Wolf!' again," and tune in the prizefight on their television sets.

I am proud of my trade-union card as a member of the Newspaper Guild because I believe the people most concerned for accurate, honest and intelligent journalism are the newspapermen who are capable of producing accurate, honest and intelligent journalism and that the greater the proportion of power that falls into their hands, the better. I am well aware that in the range of American industry, there are good unions and bad ones, and some of the bad ones are pretty terrible. The Newspaper Guild seems to me a good one. But even if it were bad, that would be no reason to abandon unionism; it would be a reason to improve it. Newspapers will not get better by seeking to return newspapermen to the status and responsibilities of office boys.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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The Two Spains

[*The Economist of London is recognized as one of the most responsible and best informed financial journals in the world. The following dispatch from its Madrid correspondent is reprinted here, slightly condensed, with the kind permission of the editor.*]

THIS STRUGGLE between the two Spains had to come sooner or later. The cost is going to be terrible whatever the outcome; but at least the air will be cleared, and there will not always be the eternal menace of storm on the horizon.

The fourth week of the military rebellion has been entered, as this is written. Seen from Madrid, time seems to be on the side of the government. The splendid way in which the citizens of Madrid rushed to arms was a fine page in the history of democracy. But they had little training or organization. Each day that passes permits reorganization and military training of these militias.

The display of organization, the use of uniforms and the other typical features of mass movements are much more in evidence on the side of the government supporters than among the rebels. As far as Madrid is concerned, discipline has been excellent. In the early days, when almost every working man in Madrid had a rifle in hand, the jewelers' shops were open as usual, with their windows full of valuables, without the slightest attempt at theft being registered. Nor during that time did I see a single drunken man, although these armed men could have free drinks in any bar or café. Today all this is organized. Sentries guard restaurants and cafés and prevent more than the regular number of militiamen supplied with food by each establishment from entering. In smart hotels these working men in blue jeans sit in the dining room and eat with grave solemnity and excellent manners.

This does not, of course, exclude violence and cruelty in moments of battle or of passion. An armed mob which will pass a jeweler's shop with indifference may react very violently against a church, because of the close political connection between the clericals and the conservatives.

So far Madrid has never been in serious danger of capture by the rebels. Your correspondent has in the last fortnight motored many hundreds of miles over the mountains which form the fighting line and has never seen any suggestion of a real decisive push. The militiamen and the other loyal forces have always been able to hold the rebels without undue effort or loss, and this although at the beginning at least the rebels had much better material and equipment.

The government is itself considerably to blame for the poor press which it appears to have had abroad, at least during the first two weeks. It does nothing to help or inform the foreign press, and from the first established a censorship so restrictive and so unreasonable as to make it virtually impossible for responsible correspondents to fulfill their mission.

There appears to be a good deal of doubt abroad about the exact strength of the present government of Don José Giral. These doubts are not justified. The government has authority and is running things without having to ask the permission of outside forces. It is only natural that in moments such as these the labor forces should play an enormous role. Without them the government would have been lost in a few hours; for the supporters of the non-socialist Republican parties are not numerous nor are they well enough organized to have made any stand against the *pronunciamento*.

Take the case of the militias. The great part of these are organized by the Socialists and the Communists. But they are all under the control and the direct orders of the War Ministry. Socialist and Communist leaders are constantly visiting the various fronts and keeping in contact with their men. They report back complaints or suggestions or demands for supplies to the government authorities. There is thus a constant liaison.

What remains to be seen is whether or not the Republicans have been convinced by present events that complete confidence can be placed in the people as a whole. Even after the February elections the Republicans never showed signs of understanding the importance of this. Instead of pushing briskly forward with a substantial program of practical social and agrarian reform and of dismantling the old form of state, they hesitated and marked time. If they secure victory over the rebels and fail to take a decisive lead in rebuilding the state on very different lines, they will inevitably find themselves shouldered out. But for this they will have no one but themselves to blame.

The government has already taken over the railways and other industries. It has made it very clear that these measures are temporary. But the situation will never return to that before July 18, no matter what happens. Much depends on how long the battle goes on. The longer the struggle the greater will be the economic damage. Nevertheless, if one might venture a prophecy in these difficult moments, it is that the economic collapse may not be quite so terrible as might appear on the surface. Spain's economic strength lies in her agriculture, and agricultural nations can stand internal convulsions with a stolidity of which more delicately organized economies are quite incapable.

It is rather unfortunate that this decisive clash between the two Spains should have taken place at a moment when all Europe is keyed up to great tension on the issue of fascism. The Spanish rebels are people fighting for ideals; but it is really difficult to see that their ideals have much, if anything, to do with fascism. Here in Spain we are witnessing a combination of the military, aristocratic and clerical classes fighting to keep the control of the nation which was slipping from their hands but which they had exercised for many centuries.

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Where the pines were

The Poplars

are, in groves—distance at hand,
at hand far off, like peace.
Like praise unspoken among common words,
they are the presences within the real
world

of the railroad tracks, the yards, mills
and the soap factories; present as hope
or sadness, where their absence
stands on the hewn, barren,
stumpy land. Everywhere:
poplars

where were pines, the savage
stirring of the wild cat was; cry and
stalking halt were and the massacre
by night, the shrike is, and where
were stockade, ambuscade, the smoky
cave.

Everywhere poplars where were pines,
and silence where were Indians: the
bristling-with-arrows
stealth, the savage
cry—Hi*yee-hi-hi*ya*wee!*—the
lurking

terror-of-the-silent
woods, who moved like destruction
in a silence like a cloud, or darkness
fallen on the ground, grass,
path; simultaneously
claw

and upraised tomahawk, immobile, poised,
high hawk; constrained in the panther's
tension, with the avalanche's
thoroughness uprooting trees
and breaking moss-flowers and bones with
equal

ease—Hi*yee!* the Indian! like death
thorough and savage.
Where the pine stood and poplars are,
buried with folded butterflies
deeply as armies with banners—
equally

with pettiness and beads, with
arrowheads, hawk wing, corn
husk, ancient and tarnished petty kings,
the pine's cones and the poplar's
buds—
dark

spilled into his heart, the worm
the cousin of his bone; mills and
the poplars, silence, stumps,
mills and the absent pines, the smoke
and soap factories his monument:
the Indian.

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON.

Washington Notes

Can Big Business Buy This Election Too?—The Landon Sales Campaign—The Red-Baiting Business Is in the Red

GOVERNOR Landon's trip was undoubtedly a psychological help to Mr. Roosevelt. A number of political experts here, noting Mr. Landon's great resemblance to one of his state's prairie dogs—his trick of settling back on his haunches, clasping his paws in front of his nose and regarding the world with a shy, wary eye—hastily conceded the election to the Democrats. Such prophecies, however, seem to me to ignore the character of the present campaign. Mr. Landon's mousy appearance, his monumental dullness, his unwillingness or inability to state an affirmative program of his own—such things are of little importance. Essentially the campaign is a test of the authority of big business. If big business has the power that it once had—something that seems doubtful—it can elect Mr. Landon just as it has other nonentities in the past.

Because they omit this factor of big business, the various polls now being taken, even the admirable surveys of the American Institute of Public Opinion, seem to me inconclusive. So do predictions based on the results of the current primary elections, on registration figures or on comparisons between the elections of 1932 and 1934. None of them forecasts the amount of pressure that big business will be able to exert next November.

There are no exact precedents for the present campaign. Perhaps the closest is that of 1896, when Mr. William Jennings Bryan had the solid opposition of the owning class. In that year, Mr. Mark Hanna raised a campaign fund that broke all previous records and trounced Mr. Bryan unmercifully. A more interesting parallel—really a kind of microcosm of the present campaign—is the mayoralty election in Philadelphia last year. Here the New Deal, particularly its labor and relief policies, was a definite issue. The Democratic candidate for mayor, Mr. John B. ("Handsome Jack") Kelly, was the especial protegé of Mr. Farley, and had the distant support of Governor Earle and the President. After carefully sampling popular sentiment, most experts were convinced that Mr. Kelly was a certain winner. However, in the last few hours of the campaign, large sums of money were thrown into Philadelphia, and enough votes were turned to defeat him by a small margin. And it is not without interest that the chief manipulator in the Philadelphia election, Mr. Joe Pew of the Liberty League and the Sun Oil Company, is now one of the principal advisers to Mr. Landon.

To be convincing, prophecies concerning the November election ought to start with an estimate of the probable campaign activities of great corporations and their agents. Unhappily, facts are few and obscure. The federal corrupt-practices act contains as many holes as a kitchen colander, and it is unlikely that the Republican National Committee has reported, or will report, more than a fraction of the money at its disposal. However, well authenticated stories of money-raising luncheons in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia leave no doubt that big business is contributing to the Landon campaign with fantastic liberality. Even the

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fund collected in 1920 by Mr. Will H. Hays from the swollen profits of munitions makers is likely to be surpassed.

Republicans privately boast that in Mr. Hill Blackett's propaganda factory in Chicago they have the most cold-bloodedly efficient spending mechanism ever seen in politics —an organization to make Mr. Goebbels' sallow face turn green with jealousy. Among the men around Mr. Blackett are reported to be experts in selling non-nutritious patent food, non-healing proprietary medicines, non-beautifying cosmetics. In the language of their profession, they are accustomed to negative propositions, and regard Mr. Landon without discouragement. More important, however, will be the direct action undertaken by big business—the cash-money delivered to political bosses in the last hours before the voting begins, and the threats and bribes to employees and trade associates.

Mr. Landon has received extravagant newspaper praise for his condemnation of teachers' oaths in his Chautauqua speech. The old myth that he is a liberal at heart is again beginning to be circulated. No one should be taken in by it. All reactionary candidates strive to appear as liberals while they are running for office, just as liberals often try to appear as conservatives. Against Mr. Landon's denunciation of teachers' oaths may be placed Mr. Roosevelt's pledge that no new taxes will be enacted if he is reëlected. If Mr. Roosevelt's words were to be taken literally, it would mean that he had repudiated the large group of New Dealers, led by Senator La Follette, who consider that drastic revision of the income-tax schedules is perhaps the most necessary duty of the next administration. The time may come when campaign speeches are not traps to ensnare reluctant voters, but it has not arrived yet. More significant than anything Mr. Landon may say in the coming campaign is the fact that he is being backed by the oil, steel and chemical industries; more significant than anything Mr. Roosevelt may say is the support he is receiving from Labor's Non-Partisan League.

The Robinson-Patman anti-chain-store act seems headed for the oblivion that has overtaken other attempts of the administration to put a curb on bigness. It is predicted here that if the rulings of the Federal Trade Commission do not reduce the act to a nullity, the courts will. Many of the small retailers whom the act was devised to protect are now dissatisfied with it, and its death will find few mourners.

The defeat of Representative Blanton in the recent Texas primary should serve as a warning to all neophyte politicians who are contemplating Red-baiting as a career. It may serve in wartime, but it is a handicap after a war is over. All the serious post-war Red-baiters, from Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer to Mr. Hamilton Fish Jr., after a few weeks of heady publicity in the Hearst press, have passed permanently into the political shadows. Mr. Blanton served eighteen years in Congress, and had a completely safe seat until, one unlucky day about a year and a half ago, he discovered that he could have his picture in the Washington Hearst paper as often as he attacked the Red menace in the Washington public schools. From then onwards, his fate was sealed.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

To Get Rich Scare the Rich—Hearst and the Spanish Rebels—The Booing Brokers of the Stock Exchange

THERE is such a thing as the acquisitive writer. And this is just a timely hint to the breed on a certain juicy opportunity which is now knocking on their doors. I beg to direct attention to a phenomenon that is well known—namely, the fears of the rich. Two important facts are to be noted about them. The first is that the more they have the more fearful they are. The second is that the harder times are, the greater their fears grow.

The art of getting rich consists largely in capitalizing the emotions, weaknesses, follies, fears of the rest of us. Intelligent dollar hunters know how to prey upon our greed, our vanity, our appetites, our fears of sickness, of death, of accident, of poverty. But the dollar chaser and hoarder himself has fears too and they are chiefly about his money. This is an important fact.

An English philosopher has wisely observed that there are certain men who understand the technique of getting money. They are the rich. There are, however, others who would like to have money but do not understand the methods by which it is done. For them the only hope of riches is to fasten themselves upon the rich. They become the publicity men, shirt-stuffers, apologists, sycophants, jesters, and so on. At the present moment the best system for men or women who want to be writers but also want to be rich is to trade upon the fears of the rich.

The world is full of alarums. The Red menace sparkles on every side. Raids upon his money bags are threatened from every quarter. This is a natural atmosphere for the rich man's terrors. Therefore the first thing to do is to play upon those terrors. Scare him some more. Then invent some racket for protecting him from these perils.

One good field—which is the occasion of this outburst to the acquisitive writer—is the schools. There the Bolsheviki are ceaseless. They are stealing the souls of our children and poisoning the minds of our teachers. They are being taught the wickedness of wealth and undermining its constitutional props. Therefore what better racket than to save the schools from this monster? Therefore organize an agency like, for instance, the National Republican Lettergram Service of Washington, D. C. Send out letters, bulletins, circulars and pamphlets keeping the loyal teachers advised of the march of the Reds upon the schools. Then you can call on patriotic rich men to subscribe $100, $150 or maybe $1,000 to carry on the great work. I don't know how the National Republican Lettergram Service is doing. But this is rich territory.

Last week the Spanish fascist legions captured a number of towns. Among them was Constantina. What they did, of course, we do not know for certain. But news dispatches described how the fascist rebels entered the town, forced the population into the streets, lined women against houses at the point of their guns, searched the houses for the men, and shot those suspected of being in the government army. While these fascist shock-troops were busy in Constantina,

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Mr. William R. Hearst was carrying on the good work here. On the front page of his newspaper, The New York Daily Mirror, he printed a full-page picture depicting this dramatic incident. It was an authentic picture because it appeared in other newspapers. There were terrified women standing against the walls of their cottages, hands raised above heads, many clasped in attitudes of supplication as soldiers held their guns ready for action and other groups of soldiers swarmed into the cottages looking for the husbands and sons. "Don't shoot!" read the caption. "Women's dresses are ripped" read the legend, "and tell-tale shoulder bruises from gun-carrying meant instant execution." It was, of course, a horrifying spectacle of the brutality of fascist ruthlessness. But—and here is the very milk of Mr. Hearst's genius as a publisher—the sting was taken out of the picture completely by the simple device of describing the soldiers, not as fascists, but as "Red troops." Don't you see how easy it is? Here is Hearst journalism at its best.

Back in the days when the spirit of burlesque ruled the N.R.A. a big parade of New York patriots marching for higher prices filed by General Johnson, Grover Whalen and Mayor John O'Brien. The Mayor had just attempted to impose a modest sales tax of a fraction of a percent on stock transactions. And so when the Stock Exchange section of the parade passed the reviewing stand and spied Mayor John O'Brien, the Exchange patriots set up a loud booing. At the time I wrote a piece about it here and referred to the participants as the "booing boobs." The expression was deeply resented. The resentment was expressed to me personally, and reminded me of a colored grocery boy I once knew. His boss, aroused at some display of dumbness by the youth, called him a "crazy s. b." The young man went to his boss in deep dejection. "Mr. Johnny," he said, "I don't mind you calling me a s. b., but you ought not to say I'm crazy." The brokers disliked greatly being referred to as boobs. However, they have been booing again. When an ambassador visits the Stock Exchange, the courtly governors always hoist the flag of the ambassador's nation. Last week the Russian ambassador paid a call upon the exchange. The very decorous governors sent out for a Russian flag. You may imagine the feelings of the person charged with carrying out this degrading bit of ritual. The flag was duly hoisted when the ambassador appeared. And the—I had almost said "boobs"—the boys set up a loud and raucous booing. But this time they really were not boobs, albeit they could hardly be called gentlemen. For after all that flag has for stock jobbers the same meaning as flit has for roaches. What troubles me, however, is the state of gallantry and manners in our beloved nation. A few years ago a group of Fascist students were brought to City College and the boys—at least the lower freshmen—were subjected to the indignity of receiving and welcoming them. Among the students—boys, mind you—a booing broke out. It was discourteous to the fascist students. And the good president of City College, Dr. Robinson, rising to the occasion, promptly denounced the students as "guttersnipes." Of course we do not expect Park Avenue shadings in manners from indignant radical students at City College. But what of our stock-brokers, our leaders of finance, the guardians of all that is best in our culture? What would Dr. Robinson say of them?

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Bandwagon

The Harvard professor went out of his way to paint the glowing colors of capitalism. Branching into politics, he said that one could always get the dumbbell vote if one went out after it. Dr. Carver looked forward to a Republican victory in the coming elections.—*News report in The Stanford Daily, undergraduate newspaper at Stanford University, of a speech by Dr. T. N. Carver, emeritus professor at Harvard University.*

Another world war may be necessary to teach humanity the value of kindness.—*Rabbi Edgar F. Mangnin, quoted in an International News Service Dispatch from Los Angeles to The Minneapolis Star.*

In discussing peace propaganda, Walker termed it one of the worst factors facing the country today, and the women's organizations and church groups supporting this peace propaganda should be disrupted, in his opinion.—*Report of a radio address by Lawrence Breed Walker, over Station WMEX, Boston, in Foster's Daily Democrat, Dover, N. H.*

There is, of course, only one realistic way to handle the problem of relief. This is to supply every destitute American citizen with food, shelter and clothing, but not one cent of money. Let the impoverished be given food tickets, vouchers for rent, heat, fuel, etc., and all necessary clothing. But no cash. No liquor, no tobacco, no newspapers, no movies, none of the luxuries.—*From an editorial in the July, 1936, issue of The American Mercury.*

A Short War and a Merry One

Only last year, it is known, Krupp agents in Spain were quite unsuccessful in efforts to sell ammunition and guns to the Spanish and now the result for both sides is that the rebellion is likely to become a protracted guerrilla war extremely cruel and finally indecisive.—*Paris dispatch in The New York Times.*

Progress of the Arts Department

During the year . . . disclosures that counterfeiting was being carried on to a considerable extent right inside the prison walls of the institution [San Quentin], and that those engaged in this illegal practice had succeeded in smuggling considerable spurious currency outside the prison, where it was placed in circulation, proved a revelation. . . .

While we had predicted that the conducting of a photo-engraving department, and giving the inmates some knowledge of the process was detrimental and likely to lead to later counterfeiting attempts, we never anticipated that such efforts would be successfully carried out by the prisoners, while still incarcerated, and that state equipment and supplies would be used for the purpose.—*Report of President Edward J. Volz to the convention of the International Photo-Engravers' Union of North America, August 17.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address the Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Gas Warfare and Defense

SIR: Whether Mr. F. C. Hanighen, in his article, "Poison Gas and the Civilian Front," in The New Republic for August 5, was capitalizing upon the naïveté of the editors of The New Republic and writing with his tongue in his cheek, or whether he subscribes to the Brisbane conception of waging war, I do not know. However this I do know, many and many a hard fact bursts his pretty fantasy of gas warfare.

Mr. Hanighen says, "A sinister race is going on between producers of masks and the chemists who invent new gases—the latter of course several laps ahead!" The fact: fear of the discovery of any more new gases is within the bounds of possibility but not probability. It is my belief that no new gas was invented during the World War and used in battle. Consider the most common gases:

1. Mustard Gas—yes, called Yperite by the French and Yellow Cross by the Germans—was first reported by an English chemist, Guthrie, just prior to the American Civil War. Date 1860.
2. Chlorpicrin was "invented" by the Englishman (again) Stenhouse, thirty-six years after the outbreak of the war of 1812.
3. Phosgene: This gas first appeared to vex humanity at the call of Englishman (once again) John Davy. This was in 1812, too.
4. Chlorine—called dephlogisticated muriatic acid by its discoverer, a Swede this time, named Scheele, was reported in the year before the American Revolution. The year? 1774.

Of course new refinements develop. The vaporized rather than the fine solids cloud complicated the defense problem. However, the mask designers' job is not hopeless. For example, the respiratory system can be protected against all clouds of solids by the same device, a mechanical filter fine enough to strain out the finest of the solids.

I suspect Mr. Hanighen of "tongue-in-the-cheeking" or at least shouting "Wolf!" when he makes this statement: "One room should be set aside in each apartment for gas protection. Since . . . a large proportion of families live in one room, the device is of limited application." On the contrary, I should say, "Excellent. That one room will provide gas defense for the entire menage of a large proportion of families."

In speaking of "expected all-night attacks," may I call to Mr. Hanighen's attention that to the military a gas is classed as "persistent" if it requires any kind of protection at the end of—how many hours would you expect? Ten minutes, is the time! Since I have no axe to grind (as far as I know), I must admit that against cities strongly persistent agents would be used, *if* any agents are used. Gas tactics against cities is a volume of discussion in its own right.

One good defense consists of: put out the fire; shut the windows; stop the ventilating systems; go upstairs. Of course for some gases, the best and quickest defense is—an April shower!

No one dare deny gas defense will be a headache in the next war; but for God's sake (if not our own) let's put an end to old wives' tales and learn just what problem is posed.

New York City. E. F. McLAUGHLIN.

SIR: Many a hard fact bursts Mr. McLaughlin's effort to describe my article as a fantasy—facts that Mr. McLaughlin must know as well as I do. It is true that certain gases are classified by the military as "non-persistent." But the gas which many military authorities claim was the deadliest of all gases in the late war, mustard gas, has been classified by the British War Office as "persistent." In the last war areas gassed by mustard frequently remained dangerous for several days, in some cases for weeks. Furthermore, according to an article in the U. S. Chemical Warfare Bulletin (October, 1934), this gas "is affected relatively little by atmospheric conditions." As war experience showed, mustard gas had a way of resisting the April showers, which Mr. McLaughlin so blithely invokes. "Go upstairs," Mr. McLaughlin advises. But since airplanes can drop a nice combination of gas, incendiary and demolition bombs, the victims might hesitate about the kind of death they prefer.

I cannot see that the picture of a "sinister race" between makers of gases and makers of masks constitutes a Brisbane conception of the problem. At least the International Red Cross Society, often criticized for its caution and conservatism, apparently does not think so. For a description of this race, its consequences and problems, far more in detail, with much more dubiety about the effectiveness of gas masks and of the capacity of new filters to cope with new gases than I had space for in The New Republic, formed part of a report in the Revue Internationale de la Croix Rouge, No. 190, October, 1934, pp. 780-805, written by a member of the International Red Cross Committee, Heinrich Zangger, director of the Institute of Legal Medicine in the University of Zurich.

I see no significance in the fact that gases were discovered many years ago. Gunpowder was discovered in the Middle Ages, but the du Ponts have done a few new things with it in the past few years. Mr. McLaughlin omits to mention Lewisite (akin to mustard gas), which was invented during the Great War. True, it was not used before the War ended, but a chemical-warfare officer in Washington with whom I discussed it seemed very much impressed by its performance. Not a Hearst columnist, but a celebrated chemist, Dr. Gertrud Woker, asserts that new gases have been invented since the War, and describes some of them (see her book "Der Kommende Gift und Brandkrieg." Herr Zangger, in the article mentioned above, concurs in this view; and many authorities claim that great improvements have been made in the known gases. Military men in this country say that no new gases have been discovered to their knowledge, but they are usually careful to add that no one knows what has been secretly developed in laboratories abroad. Mr. McLaughlin is quite right that gas tactics are a matter of much discussion, but I don't think that the pooh-poohers have it their own way.

I assume no responsibility for the advice about the spare room. It is offered in the British Science Guild pamphlet "Gas Defense," widely distributed in England. This pamphlet says that the room must be made air-tight and that not more than five people should occupy it. Since a considerable proportion of slum families in England living in one room number more than five, I think "limited application" is the correct expression. Even if no gas were about, overcrowding and the necessary lack of ventilation would have almost as deadly an effect.

New York City. FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

Joyce and the Elizabethans

SIR: Mr. Cantwell's discussion of the significance of Elizabethan poetry to James Joyce is interesting. But the eloquence with which his essay closes is vitiated, I think, by a misinterpretation of Nash's line, misremembered by Stephen Dedalus in "A Portrait of the Artist." Mr. Cantwell finds the line "Brightness falls from the air" one which "no modern poet could write . . . it came from a mood so remote and incredible that, remembered, it was perverted and denied as it passed through his modern consciousness," etc. He goes on to find in the passage a symbolism of the way modern culture corrupts Stephen's "poetic inheritance" into "its own image." But Nash wrote the poem in which that line occurs during the misery of a plague year, and the line means "brightness *vanishes* from the air," and the whole poem is an expression of the sense of death, with a hope of the recompense of an afterlife tagged on to it. T. S. Eliot is writing substantially the same sort of thing nowadays, if not quite so simply: Nash's mood was really neither remote from our time nor incredible.

Indianapolis, Ind. J. H. FRIEND.

SIR: Mr. Friend's letter, it seems to me, only calls attention to the double, or triple, confusion that sapped Stephen's creative impulse, showing still more clearly the flimsy and insubstantial

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base on which his inspiration depended. I knew the rest of the poem; to develop the almost metaphysical character of Stephen's mistake seemed to me to complicate the problem without really changing its essentials. From his first false memory his imagination took flight, and when, through the incompatibility of his vision with the life around him, the flight ended "the life of his body, ill clad, ill fed, louse eaten made him close his eyes in despair. . . . Yes and it was not darkness that fell from the air. It was brightness. 'Brightness falls from the air,'" etc. And although Stephen was doubly wrong about the mood of Nash's poem, he was right to the extent that for Nash misery was symbolized by the departing from the world of the brightness that otherwise surrounded it; whereas for him darkness was constant, lighted only by these moments when his imagination glowed like a "fading coal." There seems to me to be a vast difference between the mood of Nash, even in this poem, and that of Eliot—I had Eliot in mind, as much as Joyce, when I said that contemporary culture seemed to cry out in its death agony these poetic fragments. I think a study of Eliot's use of Elizabethan literature substantiates my description.

New York City. ROBERT CANTWELL.

The Case of Lawrence Simpson

SIRS: Many people have asked me: "Can an American be guilty of treason to a state of which he is not a citizen and to which he owes no allegiance?" The answer is yes—in Germany. It is under this law (passed since the National Socialist state came into being) that Lawrence Simpson, American seaman, is being charged with high treason to the German state.

I have been asked, "How is this possible? Why doesn't the State Department have Simpson released?" The answer is this: The State Department maintains that there exists a treaty between the United States and Germany, under the terms of which nationals of either party enjoy the same rights as citizens while traveling in the other's territory, and must obey its code of laws. Since treason, in German law, can apply to foreigners as well as citizens, their charge against Simpson, according to the State Department, is valid and must therefore follow the regular course of German law. The State Department denies that it is in a position to protest to the German government in this case.

Nevertheless the American Consul in Berlin, Mr. Raymond F. Geist, assured me that in many instances where the charges are not serious and while the case is still in the hands of the Gestapo, he has protested firmly and successfully urged that the case be dropped.

Simpson is also charged with espionage. It has proved impossible to discover the exact nature of this espionage charge, as the indictment is a secret document, visible only to the defense counsel and the government officials. The defense lawyer appointed by the court admitted that this charge is extremely flimsy, and that in the fourteen months that Simpson has been in prison the police have been unable to find sufficient evidence to support it. However, the treason charge holds since the police say they have established the existence of anti-fascist literature in Simpson's locker on the "Manhattan," and his intention of bringing it into Germany. This charge, if proved, carries a heavy sentence of at least several years in prison and, in extreme cases, death.

If Lawrence Simpson is to be freed, there will have to be a steady stream of protests flowing into Washington and on to the desks of the Nazi officials in Berlin.

All Americans owe it to themselves to protest to the State Department and directly to Adolf Hitler.

North Salem, N. Y. GIFFORD A. COCHRAN.

Cuba's Government

SIR: I am writing you these few lines so that your readers may be informed of the present situation in Cuba. . . .

The recent amnesty law is a failure; so far only about one hundred of several thousand political prisoners have been released. The law has so many exceptions that very few will benefit by it. Among those excepted are those accused of speaking against foreign diplomats, and the so-called "terrorists." This last term has been applied by the secret service to all the members of the opposition, who were tried by special courts without counsel and without appeal.

The chief effect of the amnesty will be to increase the animosity of the people towards the dictatorship.

Recently several Cubans sought to celebrate the anniversary of the fall of Machado, on August 12. But the present government prohibited it. This shows the situation in Cuba.

Flushing, N. Y. CARLOS HEVIA.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

White-collar workers on W.P.A. projects all over the country have been invited to send delegates to a national conference to be held in Cleveland, October 10, 11 and 12. The conference has been called by the City Projects Council representing 10,000 workers in New York City. Oscar Fuss, secretary of the Council, sends us a copy of the official call in which organizations of all shades of opinion are invited to work for the common objectives of continuation and expansion of W.P.A. projects for white-collar workers, prevailing wages, sick leave and vacations with pay and recognition of the workers' unions.

Cinema notes received from the Soviet Union tell of the plot of a new musical film which is making a big success in that country. The heroine is represented as an American actress who bears a Negro baby and in fear runs away to join a circus. She lives in constant terror of exposure, but when a spiteful fellow performer finally reveals her secret by introducing her Negro son to the circus audience in Soviet Russia she is overjoyed to find that the entire audience rises in spontaneous tribute to the child.

The Joint Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People is organizing protests against the action of President Vargas in ordering the deportation to Nazi Germany of Mrs. Elise Ewert, wife of Arthur Ewert, former Reichstag Deputy, who is himself being held for trial in Brazil. Telegrams are being sent to Oswaldo Aranha, the Brazilian ambassador in Washington, urging that Mrs. Ewert, an anti-Nazi refugee, be permitted to go to some other country.

F. W. Lynch, of San Diego, California, sends us news of the fight to repeal the sales tax in his state. The real-estate interests, always a potent factor in California, are aligned with large ownership generally and supported by most of the newspapers in an effort to bar from the ballot the Ralston amendment, which would effectuate the repeal. The sales tax originally was passed with the support of real-estate operators who hoped thus to avoid further taxes on land. The labor unions and other groups favoring repeal of the sales tax are having a difficult campaign because most of the ordinary channels of publicity are controlled by the other side.

The Bureau of University Travel of Newton, Massachusetts, a non-profit organization devoted to the spread of culture through travel, reports greatly increased interest in tours to the Soviet Union. Registrations have multiplied fourfold in the past few years.

What's on the Air?

Memorial program broadcast from Hull House, Chicago, honoring Jane Addams and presenting dramatized episodes from her life. Sunday, September 6, 8:30 to 9 P.M., C.B.S.

Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins reviews labor conditions in present-day America. Monday, September 7, 6 to 6:15 P.M., C.B.S.

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, making a Labor Day address in Knoxville, Tennessee. Monday, September 7, 9:30 to 10 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

New York State Communist Party radio program. Monday, September 7, 11 to 11:15 P.M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Stewart McDonald, Federal Housing Administrator, describes "The Billion Dollar Activities of the F.H.A." Wednesday, September 9, 10:45 to 11 P.M., C.B.S.

Lord Henry Snell, chairman of the London County Council and leader of the Labor Party in the House of Lords, speaks on "England and Empire" under the auspices of the New York Society for Ethical Culture. Thursday, September 10, 9:30 to 9:45 P.M., C.B.S.

F. A. Silcox, chief of the U. S. Forest Service, and others on Conservation Day program. Friday, September 11, 1:30 to 2:30 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

President Roosevelt addresses the Third World Power Conference in Washington. Friday, September 11, 4 to 4:30 P.M., C.B.S.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Talcott Drawing

Report of the Company, by Dudley Vaill Talcott. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 347 pages. $3.75.

THIS ARTICLE, however brief, on Mr. Talcott's book will have to be personal in some of its sections. Fortune once threw me into the author's company for a while—two whiles, as a matter of fact, New York and Stockholm. He was a young man, at the time, and a being of flair, conversation, and the power to give to his favorite thoughts a singular distinctness, a direct drawing as it were. He had also the gift and will for projecting himself, partly from egotism and the dislike of boring others, partly from a dread of leaving his outline blurred and boring himself, partly from the innate desire to get the thing tidy, well drawn, shipshape. Landscape, seascape and coitions, pranks, feasts and carousals ran riot in a flood of talk that was apt to be bright and pointed and not always so impromptu as it seemed. There was a stubborn if antic passion for getting out of life what things he wanted of it; art was one of these things, art, the wish to be a corking good artist, and besides art, love, pleasure, wandering, companionship and the seas of Scandinavia.

Things most people are silent about this young man would shout in public places, such as restaurants and theatres, in a manner that might raise your hair; and things often mentioned with righteous approval or even applause he spoke of shyly, because they were extra dear to him, in sentences brittle or blunt. There were constant echoes of a great capacity for solitude; there was a stream of the Rabelaisian that seemed anything but an echo. On the whole if he left some people breathless, he must have given others the sense of air.

Knowing an author thus, even to a slight degree, may be a disadvantage in the approach to his book, since we may read into it things not there or at least not completely enough expressed to carry over to its readers. Esthetically this acquaintance is an advantage in helping us judge the extent to which the author has made himself and his style one. It goes without saying that it would have taken genius and long practice into proficiency to have expressed the author's self with a real completeness in "Report of the Company," to have conveyed the kind of random and distinguished choiceness and freshness and innate breeding plus the riot, abandon and brittle gayety, to have expressed the exactness and energy of observation, and to have swung into the full Rabelaisian gust of him. As the book stands, a great deal of this parliament of qualities is conveyed. To charge it up against him because they are not wholly expressed would be like the street crowd jeering at the man who, when nobody else had the courage to enter, went into a burning building to save the occupant, but stricken with confusion brought out a mattress instead. There are enough of many qualities sufficiently achieved in "Report of the Company" to give it real variety. The whole of it is tinged with a distinct and unusual temperament; the talent is remarkable; the layout, the plan of the account, despite its air of naïve innocence of design, is excellent.

Mr. Talcott is a sculptor and as far as he chooses to go or can go, remains a sculptor, which is, as anyone knows who knows the organic nature of that art, by no means true of most people who engage in its pursuit. Nothing of his that I have seen could be dismissed as trashy, idle or aside from himself. By what courses his studies branched into this passion for fjords, Norwegians, repeated journeys in these northern lands, is his own affair. Suffice to say, he took a small inheritance and was, as he says, "foolish enough to buy a Norwegian sealing and fishing vessel in the hope of making it a paying proposition." When you have finished the volume you may believe that he hoped the vessel would pay, but you know how much else led him to this enterprise.

"Report of the Company" sets down the fortunes of the vessel through six years. There is a mass of exact information and a vast gallery of things seen and seen with a painter's close and often happy eye. The home town of the boat, the skipper and his daughter, the author's wife, is Tromsö, a village two hundred miles above the Arctic Circle. Taking sportsmen to hunt polar bears, freighting, herring fishing, salmon fishing and so on are what finally get the vessel out of debt.

The finest thing about this book of Mr. Talcott's is the drawing. That character of line, that life created within the lines, that tension that emerges from the content, which are the characteristics of visual drawing when it has value, are found wonderfully in the author's renderings of characters, scenes and his own moods. The masterpiece among the portraits is that of the skipper, Isak Isaksen. Sketchy details would merely mess it up—his stature, the size of his wedding ring, his drinking, his skill, Isak is studied superbly and faithfully from many angles. Or there is Trygve, whose speech when all were toasting farewells comes near to closing the volume: Talkot, he said, you can count on me. I am the first man you will see when you come back, right here as I am today, it's inconceivable that I can die of sexual intercourse in a mere four years.

Picnics and moonlight. Broiled live lobster—a driftwood fire and blankets on the beach—canoes and screen doors. Martha never looked more beautiful. She was tanned darker than her hair, and when she took off her shoes, out came the white sea sand.

There is the paragraph on page 63, too long to quote, of a Greenland moment, with the snow, the wind, the chicken crates and musk-ox bones, the men in the radio station, the Eskimo dog howling, tugging at his chain, snapping at the flies, the Arctic flowers under the pale blue sky, the mother blue fox tucked into a ball, her nose under her tail, her ears flattened back—"every now and then she gave a little jump and growled in her sleep. It half awoke her from her dreams and she opened just the tiniest slits through which gleamed her wild and beautiful blue eyes."

But nothing could be vainer than to quote thus from a book in which observation, search and repetition have become the basic vocabulary, and the "desire to get to know this whole fishing business, until it became merely a vocabulary from which I could freely draw. After that I would try to sum up the essentials of each single activity, such as casting, rowing, hauling, shoveling, boxing, stowing, etc., so that each pattern would be typical. And I wished to say what there was to say with the fewest possible strokes. Otherwise it would be no fun." STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Afterthoughts on Dos Passos

FOUR YEARS ago in reviewing "1919," the second volume of John Dos Passos' trilogy, I tried to define two types of fiction that have been especially prominent since the War. An *art novel,* I said, was one that dealt with the opposition between a creatively gifted individual and the community surrounding him—in brief, between the Poet and the World. Usually in books of this type the Poet gets all the attention; he is described admiringly, tenderly, and yet we learn that he is nagged and broken and often, in the end, driven to suicide by an implacably stupid World. Dos Passos' earlier novels had applied this formula, but "The 42nd Parallel" and "1919" belonged to a second category: they were *collective novels,* whose real hero was American society at large, and this fact helped to explain their greater breadth and vigor. I added, however, that certain elements in these later books—and notably the autobiographical passages called the "Camera Eye"—suggested the art novel and therefore seemed out of place.

But after reviewing "The Big Money" and rereading the trilogy as a whole, it seems to me that this judgment has to be partly revised. I no longer believe that the art novel is a "bad" type of fiction (though the philosophy behind it is a bad philosophy for our times), nor do I believe that the collective novel is necessarily a "good" type (though it has advantages for writers trying to present our period of crisis). With more and more collective novels published every year, it is beginning to be obvious that the form in itself does not solve the writer's problems. Indeed, it raises new problems and creates new disadvantages. The collective novelist is tempted to overemphasize the blindness and impotence of individuals caught in the riptides of history. He is obliged to devote less space to each of his characters, to relate their adventures more hastily, with the result that he always seems to be approaching them from the outside. I can see now that the Camera Eye is a device adopted by Dos Passos in order to supply the "inwardness" that is lacking in his general narrative.

I can see too that although the device is borrowed from the art novel—and indeed is a series of interior monologues resembling parts of Joyce's "Ulysses"—it is not in the least alien to the general plan of the trilogy. For the truth is that the art novel and the collective novel as conceived by Dos Passos are not in fundamental opposition: they are like the two sides of a coin. In the art novel, the emphasis is on the individual, in the collective novel it is on society as a whole; but in both we get the impression that society is stupid and all-powerful and fundamentally evil. Individuals ought to oppose it, but if they do so they are doomed. If, on the other hand, they reconcile themselves with society and try to get ahead in it, then they are damned forever, damned to be empty, shrill, destructive insects like Dick Savage and Eleanor Stoddard and J. Ward Moorehouse.

In an earlier novel, "Manhattan Transfer," there is a paragraph that states one of Dos Passos' basic perceptions. Ellen Herf, having divorced the hero, decides to marry a rich politician whom she does not love:

> Through dinner she felt a gradual icy coldness stealing through her like novocaine. She had made up her mind. It seemed as if she had set the photograph of herself in her own place, forever frozen into a single gesture. . . . Everything about her seemed to be growing hard and enameled, the air bluestreaked with cigarette smoke was turning to glass.

She had made up her mind. . . . Sometimes in reading Dos Passos it seems that not the nature of the decision but the mere fact of having reached it is the unforgivable offense. Dick Savage the ambulance driver decides not to be a pacifist, not to escape into neutral Spain, and from that moment he is forever frozen into a single gesture of selfishness and dissipation. Don Stevens the radical newspaper correspondent decides to be a good Communist, to obey party orders, and immediately he is stricken with the same paralysis of the heart. We have come a long way from the strong-willed heroes of the early nineteenth century—the English heroes, sons of Dick Whittington, who admired the world of their day and climbed to the top of it implacably; the French heroes like Julien Sorel and Rastignac and Monte Cristo who despised their world and yet learned how to press its buttons and pull its levers. To Dos Passos the world seems so vicious that any compromise with its standards turns a hero into a villain. The only characters he seems to like instinctively are those who know they are beaten, but still grit their teeth and try to hold on. That is the story of Jimmy Herf in "Manhattan Transfer"; to some extent it is also the story of Mary French and her father and Joe Askew, almost the only admirable characters in "The Big Money." And the same lesson of dogged, courageous impotence is pointed by the Camera Eye, especially in the admirable passage where the author remembers the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti:

> America our nation has been beaten by strangers who have turned our language inside out who have taken the clean words our fathers spoke and made them slimy and foul
> their hired men sit on the judge's bench they sit back with their feet on the tables under the dome of the State House they are ignorant of our beliefs they have the dollars the guns the armed forces the powerplants . . .
> all right we are two nations

"The hired men with guns stand ready to shoot," he says in another passage, this one dealing with his visit to the striking miners in Kentucky. "We have only words against POWER SUPERPOWER." And these words that serve as our only weapons against the machine guns and tear gas of the invaders, these words of the vanquished nation are only that America in developing from pioneer democracy into monopoly capitalism has followed a road that leads toward sterility and slavery. Our world is evil, and yet we are powerless to change or direct it. The sensitive individual should cling to his own standards, and yet he is certain to go under. Thus, the final message of Dos Passos' three collective novels is similar to that of his earlier novels dealing with maladjusted artists. Thus, for all the vigor of "1919" and "The Big Money," they leave us wondering whether the author hasn't overstated his case. For all their scope and richness, they fail to express one side of contemporary life—the will to struggle ahead, the comradeship in struggle, the consciousness of new men and new forces continually rising. Although we may be for the moment a beaten nation, the fight is not over.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

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A Law-Office Constitution

Storm Over the Constitution, by Irving Brant, with an Introduction by Henry A. Wallace. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 294 pages. $2.

Fifty-Five Men, by Fred Rodell. Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: The Telegraph Press. 277 pages. $2.50.

Whose Constitution?: An Inquiry into the General Welfare, by Henry A. Wallace. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 336 pages. $1.75.

IT IS an assumption of the law, as Lord Bacon pointed out some three hundred years ago, that the truth may be best arrived at by means of a contest between two parties neither of which necessarily desires that the entire truth be known. Add to this assumption the dependence of the court upon counsel for much of its knowledge, the bias that the judges frequently bring to the bench from their own years at the bar, and finally the fact that the best paid lawyers are usually the employees of interests that consistently oppose every new exertion of governmental authority directly affecting themselves, and you have a fair explanation of the fruition in judicial decision within recent years of a most extraordinary mythology regarding the purposes of the framers of the Constitution, as expressed in the document of 1787.

Scanning certain briefs of counsel opposing the government in such cases as the Schechter case, the A.A.A. case, and the Guffey coal case—to mention no others—one gathers the distinct impression that the men who drew up the Constitution of the United States were brought together at Philadelphia primarily by a general obsession against all governmental power; and a more specific concern for the rights of the states! So we have such extraordinary pronouncements as that of Governor Landon recently, that "the Constitution was not framed to give us anything, but to protect inherent rights we already possessed," and the still more extraordinary pronouncement of Mr. Justice Roberts for the Court in the A.A.A. case, which boils down to the proposition that the national government may not employ its powers in order to promote on a national scale purposes which the states are permitted to promote on a local scale. Not merely do such fantastic doctrines strip the national government of its *national* character—they strip it of its *governmental* character as well, either by denying it a government's discretion in the use of its acknowledged powers or by transferring this from Congress and the President to the Court.

It was high time, therefore, that somebody should turn to and show up this preposterous law-office constitutional history, as it may be termed, for what it is worth—an idea which seems to have occurred to the authors of the three books here under review almost simultaneously. But while all three works are of significance from this point of view, undoubtedly the palm of merit must be awarded Mr. Brant's discerning and trenchantly phrased volume. The core of the book comprises Chapters VI to X inclusive, the purport of each of which can be stated in a few words. In Chapter VI Mr. Brant wipes out at a stroke one of the most important theories, on which law-office constitutional history rests, namely, the theory that the "small" states wanted a weak national government. As Mr. Brant shows, the struggle between the "small" states and the "large" states was exclusively over the question of the basis of representation in the new system, whether it should be by states, as under the Articles of Confederation, or in proportion to population or population and wealth. As Mr. Brant correctly insists, there was one thing on which the overwhelming majority of the Convention of 1787 were agreed, it was on the necessity for a powerful national government.

In Chapter VII Mr. Brant pits the framers against the Supreme Court, meaning by the latter the majority which has dominated the Court much of the time since the child-labor decision in 1918. "During this recent period," he says, "the United States has shifted from a Constitution of *implied powers* under the express powers [of Congress] to a Constitution of *implied limitations* upon the express powers. It was virtually the same thing as writing a new and infinitely narrower Constitution." This puts the thing admirably. What Mr. Brant has most in mind, of course, is the war of attrition that the Court has waged during recent decades against Congress' power to regulate commerce among the states and its taxing power. Dealing with the former point, Mr. Brant points out the implications of the generally accepted idea in 1787 that Congress would have the power to establish commercial monopolies—in other words, to *prohibit commerce at will*. As he perspicaciously comments: "Our instinctive tendency is to deny the existence of this power, because of its prodigious scope. Yet what makes it seem so great? Merely the fact that it is magnified by the development of the country and altered by a probable change in social purpose."

In Chapter IX Mr. Brant traces the history in the Convention of "the general welfare" clause. He shows that Sherman, who moved the clause, recognized that the power of raising revenue carried with it many other powers; that he took a broad view of the money-spending power under the Articles of Confederation; and that when President Washington proposed a national university, "Sherman was the first man to arise in Congress to support the proposal and assert its constitutionality." The subject also gives Mr. Brant an opportunity to comment on the strange aberrations of the aged Madison as an interpreter of the Constitution. He does so very charitably. "Madison, then seventy-nine years old, so blinded by partisanship that he no longer resembled the man who helped write the Constitution forty-three years earlier, may be forgiven for inaccuracies which have distorted constitutional history. But the distortion itself is a fact to be reckoned with."

Finally, in Chapter X Mr. Brant has little difficulty in showing how utterly without historical justification is the doctrine the Court took over from the law-office historians in 1922, in the child-labor tax case, that the power to tax may be legitimately employed only when the primary purpose in view is revenue. As he points out, the colonists exactly inverted this doctrine, contending that while Parliament might tax their trade for the purpose of regulating it, it could not do so for the purpose of raising revenue therefrom. And, as Mr. Brant further shows, the clause of the Constitution that groups capitation with "other direct taxes" owes its existence to recognition by the representatives in the Convention of the slave-holding interest, that without such a safeguard Congress would be in a position to tax slavery out of existence. John Marshall merely reflected the ideas of the framers when he asserted that "the power to tax involves the power to destroy."

Mr. Rodell has had the happy idea of retelling the story of the Convention of 1787 largely on the basis of, and to a considerable extent in the language of, Madison's famous "Journal." Not only are his selection and arrangement of materials excellent, but the confirmation that he brings to certain of Mr. Brant's conclusions is striking. Once they were assured of equal representation in the Senate, the "small" states, Mr. Rodell asserts, had "no objection to

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setting up a strong national government"; and he later adds: "Defending the rights of the states, at the time they wrote the Constitution, was the last thing the founding fathers intended." Unfortunately he accompanies this remark with the quite gratuitous suggestion that for all that, the founding fathers might today applaud the Supreme Court for preferring "to give the states control of national affairs that they themselves did not want the states to have." In other words, Mr. Rodell infers that the fathers, were they alive today, would repent of their work and repudiate it.

However, the fathers have long since passed to their eternal reward, and so there arises the very pertinent question that Mr. Wallace makes the title of his book, "Whose Constitution?" In the main, this volume is an impressive presentation of the case for a strong national government to deal with present conditions; and when he touches on the historical issue Secretary Wallace is not always happy in his results. Thus he says, "Literal application of the details of the Constitution which they [the men of 1787] bequeathed to us, if interpreted without recognition of the profound changes 149 years have brought about, may result in the most terrible disaster." But the fact is that national power has nothing—and has never had anything—to fear from a *literal* interpretation of the Constitution. What it has suffered from throughout is the importation by the Court of outside theories into the interstices of its otherwise perfectly clear-cut language. Lincoln saw this in 1861 when he remarked, "Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution and the Union will endure forever"; and Justice Stone saw it when he remarked in his dissent in the A.A.A. case, that "even a Constitution may mean what it says." There *may* be a case for the kind of constitutional law that the present Court sponsors, but it certainly does not include the literal, historical meaning of the words of the constitutional document either in 1787 or even years later.

The issue really made by these volumes is therefore this: how are the American people to get back the Constitution they ordained and established in 1787, for "ages to come"? One suggestion is that the Constitution should be amended. In other words, the American people are invited to assume once more the burden of providing themselves with a Constitution "adequate to the exigencies of the Union." I am glad to note, however, that neither Mr. Wallace nor Mr. Brant favors this suggestion. As the latter states in effect, there would be little point in amending the Constitution, so long as it is subject to the kind of interpretation it has been subject to in recent years, and especially in recent months. But neither, on the other hand, do these gentlemen appear to favor the abolition of the Supreme Court's power of judicial review. What they demand is a Court sympathetic with the settled purposes of the American democracy and properly instructed in the history of the Constitution.

On the whole, I agree; yet I confess to one doubt, which is suggested by these words of Secretary Wallace: "There always is, in economic matters, an appropriate time for change." That is to say, time is often the very essence of such problems. And this being so, can we continue indefinitely under a system that constantly overlooks this vital fact? No constitutional amendment is needed to confer additional powers on the national government, provided we can get back to the Constitution as it was originally understood. But the road back is one strewn with difficulties so long as judicial review remains weighted as it is today against the other branches.

EDWARD S. CORWIN.

The Taste of Nothing

No Letters for the Dead, by Gale Wilhelm. New York: Random House. $2.

MISS WILHELM'S little book is enough to give us a permanent inferiority complex. We begin to think that all our experience has been completely lacking in either sensitivity or soul. We never, for instance, wrote in a love letter, "Let my thought come and be with you and be that silence on your awake eyes"—and if we had, that would have been the end of that. We never, while waiting for a lover to get out of jail, became a prostitute rather than ask a rich friend for a little cash (his name was Ralph, and from the few glimpses that we get of his hands or nostrils it appears that he would have been quite willing and able to help). And we never experienced, and after several readings still fail to understand, such refinements of sensation as these: "the flat taste of nothing was in her mouth again"; "relief fell shaken into her heart"; "her ears took fragments from the crowd sounds"; "a way of life that left nothing for the living." Or this, which expresses a crisis in the young lady's life: "and she closed her eyes and the whirling was faster and she held her teeth together but something in her shook her teeth in spite of her holding them together and the shaking grew . . . she screamed high and loud, lifting all the whirled broken points of thought and letting them fall all around her." You might deduce from this that Paula was subject to jitters, but we know for a fact that on hearing of Koni's death (up to this time we are not sure whether there really was a lover in the story or only his shadow on the wall) she had a real substantial feeling, too substantial to be written about at all: "She held herself rigid against his eyes [the taxi driver's] and finally remembered the name of the gallery." Compared to this we have gone over life like a steam roller.

ELEANOR CLARK.

Strategic Retreat

On the Rim of the Abyss, by James T. Shotwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 414 pages. $3.

PROFESSOR Shotwell again proclaims his faith in international coöperation and collective security. He does not ignore the recent collapse of the League of Nations as a means of obtaining world peace, or deny the existence of a new world crisis. Rather he sounds a warning against any recourse to isolationism or economic nationalism and in the perspective of history offers suggestions to avert catastrophe.

His proposals center in a program of differentiation within the League among countries with varying stakes in world affairs and varying needs for security. Resurrecting a scheme he first suggested to the League at the time of its birth, he contends that the League has sought to assert a wider and more uniform authority than political or economic realism could sustain. By providing for an associate membership for countries protected by distance from trouble zones or by other factors, and by fixing voluntary responsibility on the part of full League members for the use of economic and military strength in "coöperative defense," he believes the League would take on new effectiveness.

The chance of avoiding war lies less in a fictitious responsibility to which many nations will pay only lip service, than in a series of permanent conferences guided by, and responsible to, official government representatives.

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Professor Shotwell would prefer to solve economic crises, political tensions and arms rivalries before they come to a head instead of letting them drift to crisis and then applying the juridical methods that have failed so often.

Paradoxically, if the author were not known to have some influence on responsible statesmen, he might conceivably have more influence for peace. For, in spite of his distrust of mere legalism, it will seem to many readers that he skates all too placidly over the imperialist prepossessions of the Powers. Even under capitalism, it is highly questionable whether the League will best grow into a worthy instrument by becoming more, instead of less, respectful of nationalistic sovereignty; whether the cure for half a League is a quarter of a League. A more zestful internationalist might urge a more completely democratic League, working for a socialized international economic structure, no matter how up-grade the going. But Professor Shotwell is extremely moderate, having the courage, it might almost be said, of his lack of convictions. If hardly a crusader, he possesses a technical knowledge of the League and the Kellogg Pact, in all their implications, that is scarcely excelled this side of the Atlantic. DEVERE ALLEN.

Romance in New Zealand

I Told My Love, by M. Escott. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

AGAIN and again during the reading of this novel and even more strongly afterwards, the reader harks back, almost unwillingly, to "A Farewell to Arms." This is not because the author writes with simplicity and in the first person, and only partly because she sometimes captures the tender, desolate, heart-squeezing quality that animated Hemingway's pages. Chiefly, it is because M. Escott employs a technique that is strikingly the opposite of Hemingway's. Almost in the middle of a narrative that has been exclusively concerned with the hero's feelings about the woman he loves and what she tells him about her love before and after marrying him, she writes. "Then, too, I ran over and killed a kid when I was driving down in the town and that filled my mind pretty much at the time." It filled his mind for another paragraph in which the circumstances of the accident are explained and then, bang, he is right back in his reflections about Anna's love for him (is it cooling?) and his love for Anna which definitely is not cooling. Anna is seeing too much of Howard, the cultivated gentleman-farmer. Anna's sense of English caste is making her feel superior to him, just a plain middle-class Britisher, trying to make a go of a dairy farm in New Zealand. Hemingway's hero would have talked of everything else in the world but his love and, only between ordering another *fine* or kidding with the sergeant, would have blurted out his anguish.

But Dave sees nothing and thinks of nothing except in relation to Anna. The New Zealand background, his struggles with the farm, his relations to other persons, such as Anna's derelict brother or Mary, the telephone operator with whom he has an affair while Anna is away, are all soft-focused. This tense, agonizing affair could have taken place in Far Rockaway, Mary could have been any girl whom he desired one drunken night, and Howard any man to take Anna from him. Sometimes the charged atmosphere of the relationship seems nearer to a homosexual affair than anything else. The imperviousness to outside events and the sense of doom that often marks arrangements considered unacceptable to society, cannot be accounted for here, either by the marriage being bigamous or by Dave's sense of class inferiority to Anna.

With all this, the two main characters have a kind of desperate validity. Dave's terrible Joblike hanging around Anna for more punishment has happened and will happen. Even Anna's transformation from an unawakened, dreamy woman into a first-rate sadist is believable. And what makes "I Told My Love" more than a sorrowful romance is that the characters as well as the situations change as the narrative continues. LEANE ZUGSMITH.

Books in Brief

They Walk in the City, by J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

MR. PRIESTLEY is conscious of the difficulties that confront young people in the contemporary world; he knows that the advertiser exploits the consumer, that jobs are hard to find, that the days of unlimited opportunity are past. Nevertheless, he tells the story of romantic Rose Salter who falls in love at first sight with Edward Fielding, of their flight to London, of their finding a succession of moderately satisfactory jobs, of their love only slightly impeded by circumstances, of their eventual happiness. Ignoring, for the present at least, the effect of social forces on the representative individual, he chooses to write of those whose ability to come to easy terms with each day is the despair of "austere revolutionaries"; telling us that "there is even now enough misery in print to last . . . until . . . eyesight goes." And this is true enough. Still, it is doubtful just whose search for happiness this book can satisfy. The plot is obviously "managed"; chances such as the breaking of a key inside a bathroom door importantly determine action; people fall out of and into jobs with amazing readiness and incredibility; the motivation is of the boy-sees-and-loves-girl variety. The style abounds in cute clichés about serious subjects and in lachrymose and sugary writing that Dickens at his worst would have found it hard to equal. It is a particularly disappointing book to anyone who admired the social perceptiveness of "English Journey" and the very competent craftsmanship of "The Good Companions."

H. C. W.

At the Court of Queen Elizabeth: The Life and Lyrics of Sir Edward Dyer, by Ralph M. Sargent. New York: The Oxford University Press. 240 pages. $3.

With very little to work on, Dr. Sargent has written an astonishingly good biography while intending nothing more than an academic thesis. Sir Edward Dyer would seem to be almost entirely unimportant: he wrote his stilted lyrics in the barren period between Surrey and Spenser; he took no part in the great religious and military controversies of the time; he wrote no plays, published no books, and preserved merely a dilettante's interest in the great literary revolutions breaking around him; he lacked sufficient vitality to make enemies, and performed the extraordinary feat of retaining the friendship of both Essex and the Cecils at the same time. He lived out a jaded, embittered courtier's existence, always in debt, never quite sure of the Queen's favor, and in his last years forced to rely on little indignities for his very livelihood. And yet it was this gentle, rather overelegant man who ultimately best portrayed the glittering, corrupt life of the court in what has become, through its various musical settings, one

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of the best known of all English folksongs. And particularly in the second stanza of "My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is":

I see how plenty suffers oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear

a mood of personal bitterness became a memorably fierce condemnation of the age. A. K.

The Ideal School, by Boris B. Bogoslovsky. New York: The Macmillan Company. 537 pages. $2.50.

Dr. Bogoslovsky's stimulating book employs Rousseau's device of presenting a theory of education in fictional form. Beginning with a brilliantly satirical dissection of progressive education, especially that sector of it headed by Kilpatrick, the author uses its defects to point the merits of a modified position. He selects the high school as the neglected and crucial stage in educational planning and makes it the center of his system, avoiding particularly any imitation of the semi-specialization of the college. Instead of the traditional high-school subjects, his ideal school has four divisions, working together with a center that coordinates them all. The universe division embraces the natural sciences and their techniques; the civilization and culture divisions the study of the historical past, the producing and consumption of goods and the institutions they develop, and the arts and reflective enjoyment of life; the personality division the physiology and psychology of human beings. These are tied together by the self-building center that endeavors not merely to bring out but to build up the personality of the student to a self-disciplined and rewarding fullness as the consummation of education. It is impossible to detail as they deserve the cogency of Dr. Bogoslovsky's witty analysis of contemporary progressive schools and the richness and unity of his own approach. E. J.

Contributors

NEWTON ARVIN is assistant professor of English at Smith College. His writing in the field of literary criticism and biography has been recognized by the award of a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1935-36 and he is now working on a book about Walt Whitman.

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON lives in San Francisco. He is the author of "O City, Cities!" "Wherefore: Peace" and "A Sheaf." The typographical arrangement of his poem is at Mr. Larsson's request.

EDWARD S. CORWIN was one of the original group of preceptors called to Princeton University by Woodrow Wilson in 1905. Since 1918 he has held the post of McCormick Professor of Jurisprudence. He has written numerous books and articles dealing with American history and politics and has devoted particular attention to the history and interpretation of the Constitution.

ELEANOR CLARK lives in New York City and contributes articles and book reviews to various magazines.

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LEANE ZUGSMITH is a short-story writer and the author of several novels, the latest of which, "A Time to Remember," is being published on September 11 by Random House.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Harvey Curtis Webster, Alfred Kazin and Edgar Johnson.

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The Automobile Industry and Organized Labor. By A. J. Muste. Baltimore, The Christian Social Justice Fund (513 Park Avenue) 1936. 15 cents.

In pamphlet form the author has presented a survey of the industrial and financial set-up facing the workers who seek to improve their condition by organization. The history of the struggle to establish unions during recent years is told in vivid form.

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